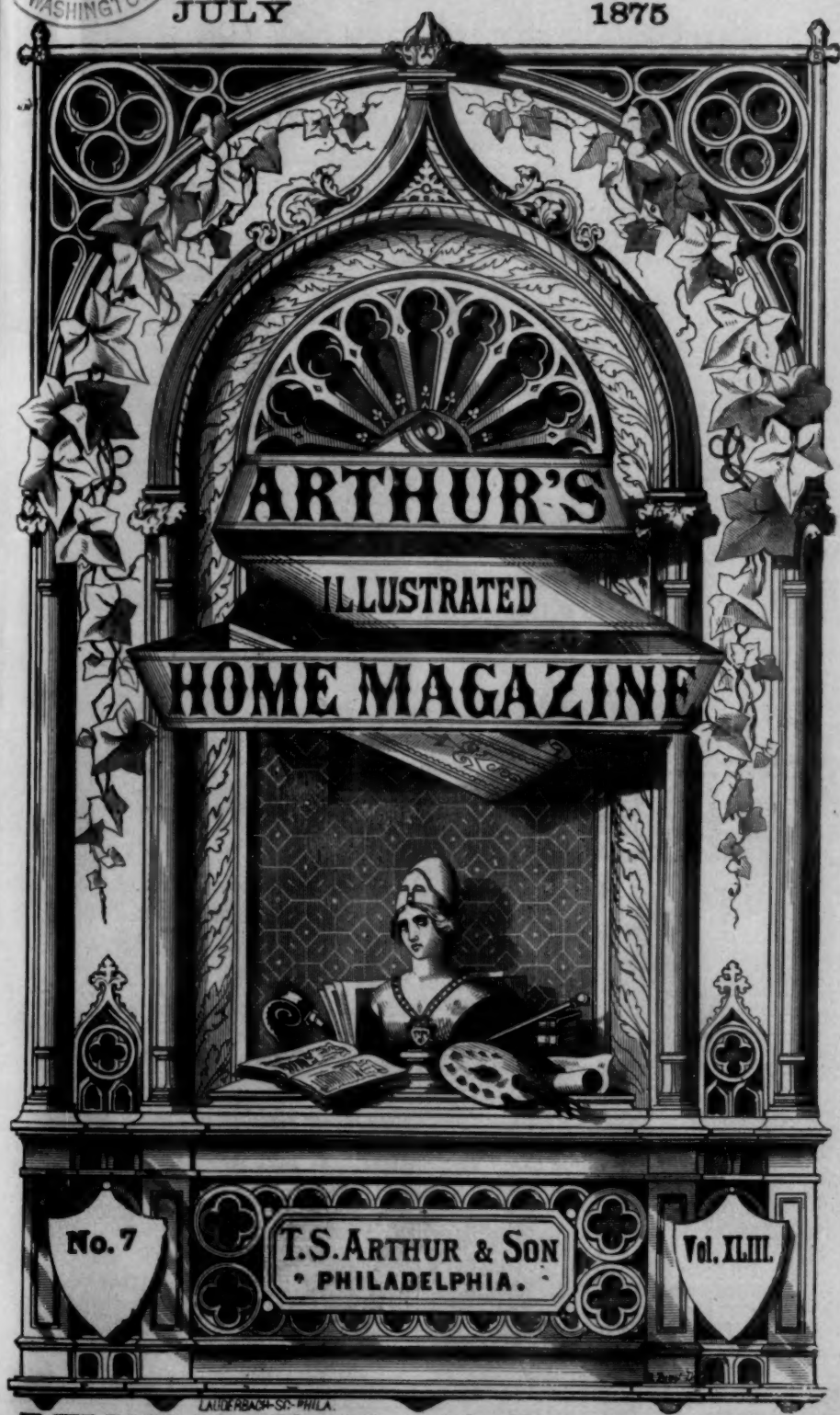


NO. 35418
WASHINGTON.

JULY

1875



REMOVAL. The Office of the Home Magazine has been
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LUCIUS H. WARREN, President.

W. E. FERRELL, Treasurer.

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6-9.

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J. VAN COURT,

37 1/2 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

DESCRIPTION OF MISSES' COSTUME.

The costume represented by this engraving is made of French gray silk and challis. The simplicity with which the materials are combined, together with that of the shaping, renders the costume very popular and attractive. The skirt is similar to those worn by ladies, hanging full at the back, and closely at the front and sides. It is made of challis, and that material being rather flexible, a lining of crinoline is added.—The bottom, after being hemmed, is completed with a deep but scanty flounce, set on under a silk band. The pattern by which the skirt was cut is No. 3066, price 20 cents; it is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is suitable for any other material than that described.

The over-dress, which is really a plaited polonaise, is made of silk, with sleeves and decorations of challis. Three plaits are laid in both the front and back, terminating at the waistline, where they form a skirt-fullness. A side-gore is let into the skirt, the back of which is draped by tapes. A band of silk, below two others, borders



the bottom of the skirt, while two similar bands complete the pointed cuffs at the wrists of the sleeves, each cuff being further trimmed by three buttons placed lengthwise through its back or deepest portion. The garment closes at the back, and the neck and sleeves are completed with tiny muslin ruffles. The pattern used in cutting the over-dress is No. 3886. It is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, 8 yards of material will be required. The skirt can be cut from 4 yards of 27-inch-wide goods, and the over-dress from the same quantity of goods measuring 36 inches in width. The cost of material and trimmings will depend upon the goods selected and will vary from \$10.50., to \$22.

The straw hat has a low crown and a wide sailor rim, and is bound with silk. A wreath of Marguerites with foliage encircles the crown, and is confined at the back with a bow of ribbon. If preferred, a rubber cord may be substituted for the ribbon ties represented and a scarf used instead of the wreath.

BOYS' COSTUME.

No. 3907.—These engravings represent a stylish pattern that can be made up of any goods worn by boys. It is in 4 sizes for boys from 2 to 5 years of age, and costs 20 cents. Three yards and three-fourths of material, 27 inches wide, will make the dress for a boy of 3 years. When *de bête* is employed wide worsted braids should be selected for trimming; but if linen or piqué be chosen, then fine braids in handsome designs have the prettiest effect.



3907

Front View.



3907

Back View.



3901

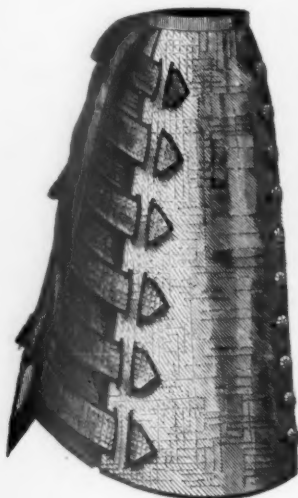
Front View.

LADIES' MANTLE.

No. 3901.—The charming wrap represented by these engravings is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. It can be made up of any material employed for such purposes, and requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards, 27 inches wide, to make it for a lady of medium size.



3901

Back View.

3902

Front View.

3902

Back View.

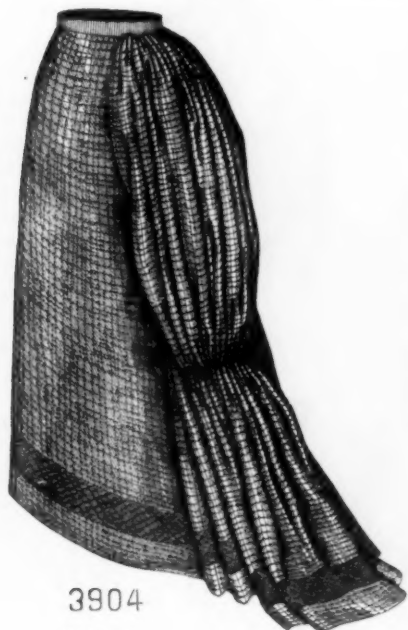
LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3902.—This pretty pattern can be made up from any suit material. It is in 9 sizes for ladies

from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and its price is 25 cents. To make the over-skirt for a lady of medium size, 9 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary.



3904
Front View.



3904

Back View.

LADIES' DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT, SHIRRED AT THE BACK.

No. 3904.—The charming skirt here represented can be made of any popular dress goods, but is more

particularly suitable for those of heavy texture. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches waist measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3915
Front View.



3915
Back View.

MISSSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No 3915.—This pretty little garment can be made of any material used in making up suits, and trimmed according to the taste. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make the garment for a miss of 13 years. Price, 20 cents.



3896
Front View.



3896
Back View.

GIRLS' SQUARE-NECKED APRON.

No 3896.—This pretty little pattern can be used for Swiss, lawn, muslin, cambric or print, and is in 6 sizes for girls from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the apron for a girl 3 years old, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3898

*Front View.*LADIES' SHORT
BASQUE.

No. 3898.—To make the garment represented for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 20 cents.



3898

Back View.

3897

Front View.

3897

Back View.

LADIES' JACKET.

No. 3897.—The pattern to this pretty garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3918

Front View.

3918

Back View.

MISSES' CUT-AWAY BASQUE.

No. 3918.—To make the jaunty garment illustrated, for a miss of 12 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



3906

*Front View.*GIRLS' WALKING SKIRT,
WITH OVER-SKIRT AT-
TACHED.

No. 3906.—To make this garment for a girl of 7 years, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. It is suitable for any material from Swiss muslin to waterproof, and is pretty when made of two shades of the same material.



3906

Back View.

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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

XLIII.

JULY, 1878.

No. 7.

History, Biography and General Literature.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY A. B. D.

BACK again, darling! oh, welcome to my home
again!

Pet, I have missed you this week & day;
I have got you, and as surely you come again,
your sweet smiles shall warm me away;
yes, you smother almost with your kisses,
oh! I am happy—I have you safe here;
again, my arms folded round you—
this is

The brightest and pleasantest day of the year!

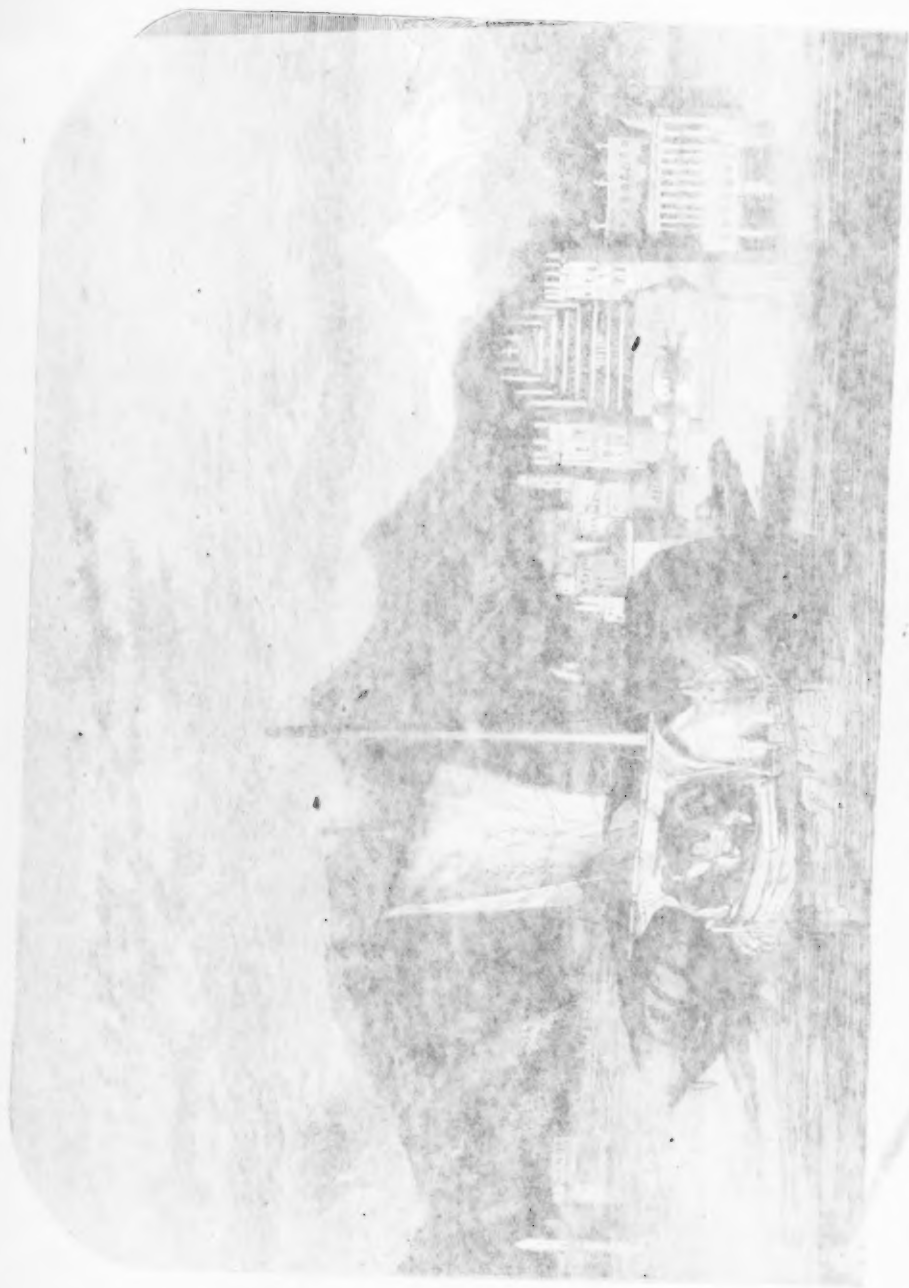
These are the holidays—
Brightest and best of days
In all the year!

So! it is mothers and daughters meet, yet again,
Ere at their meeting they've met the full tide!
Even as I'm speaking the words quickly utter
again.

As I remember how, what the time has
passed—oh! I—oh! how quickly saying,
With kisses and smiles let me welcome you
again.

Now is no moment for weeping and sighing;
These are the holidays, daughter has come!

These are the holidays—
Brightest and best of days!
Daughter has come!



ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

JULY, 1875.

No. 7.

History, Biography and General Literature.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY E. B. D.

BACK again, darling! oh, welcome to home again!

Pet, I have missed you this many a day;
Now I have got you, and ne'er shall you roam again,
Till your school duties shall summon away.

Darling, you smother almost with your kisses!

Sweet! I am happy—I have you safe here
On my bosom, my arms folded round you. Ah,
this is

The brightest and pleasantest day of the year!

These are the holidays—

Brightest and best of days

In all the year!

Sad it is mothers and daughters must part again,
Ere of their meeting they've felt the full bliss!
E'en as I'm speaking the tears quickly start
again,

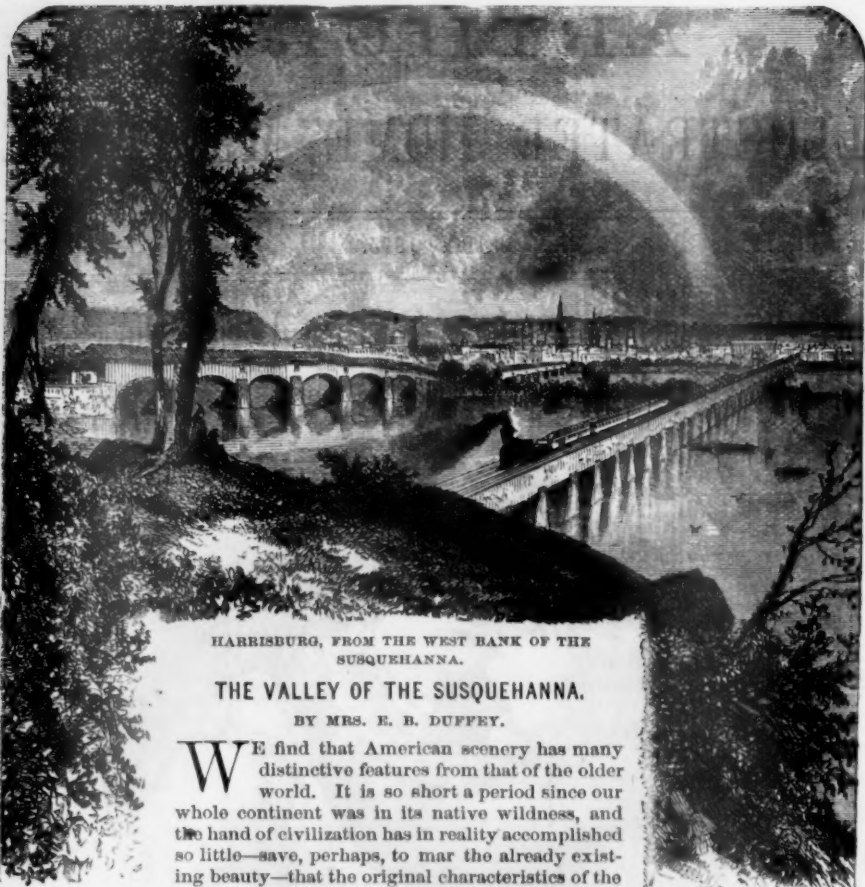
As I remember how short the time is,
Foolish am I! My tears quickly drying,
With kisses and smiles let me welcome you
home.

Now is no moment for weeping and sighing;
These are the holidays; daughter has come!

These are the holidays—

Brightest and best of days!

Daughter has come!



HARRISBURG, FROM THE WEST BANK OF THE
SUSQUEHANNA.

THE VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WE find that American scenery has many distinctive features from that of the older world. It is so short a period since our whole continent was in its native wildness, and the hand of civilization has in reality accomplished so little—save, perhaps, to mar the already existing beauty—that the original characteristics of the country are yet plainly perceptible. I do not refer

especially to our remarkably long and broad rivers and magnificent inland seas, which give us so marked an advantage over much of the known world. But in the countries of Europe and Asia, which have been under the dominion of man for so many hundreds and even thousands of years, we find nature guided and controlled, domineered over and perverted, by the tastes and needs of humanity. In America nature has been left for many centuries untrammelled and undirected. She has luxuriated in unpruned growth. She has reveled in unlimited and unrestrained abundance. Nature is essentially savage, when left to herself, whether she directs man or the inanimate world. And so in America we have all the beauty of a savage landscape, which utility is doing all it can to mar, and which art has only in rare and exceptional cases taken upon itself to improve. The first steps which civilization takes toward conquering nature, are the crudest and most unsatisfactory in an æsthetical point of view. The earth is denuded of its loveliness, and time alone can make amends for the wanton act, and bring a recompense, in the form of green slopes for tangled, briar-grown hillsides, stately trees for a crowded,

stunted growth. But time has only begun to do this for us. For the most part, the most charming portions of our scenery are those where nature is still left untampered with. Savage scenes, as thus defined, are rich and varied within our national domain. There is scarcely a river head that does not know them. They line the banks of our rivers; they cluster along the margins of our lakes; they allure our artists to our mountain-sides.

One of the most picturesque rivers of America is the Susquehanna, flowing as it does through a region of exceptional grandeur and beauty. Its eastern branch takes its rise in Otsego Lake, in central New York, and descends, in a general southerly course, through the State of Pennsylvania, and across a narrow neck of Maryland, into the Chesapeake Bay. Its upper tributaries drain the north-western slopes of the Catskill Mountains. In Pennsylvania it winds amid the heights of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. The western branch rises in the wilds of north-western Pennsylvania, and threads a region peculiarly romantic and picturesque in its appearance.

The Susquehanna is emphatically a mountain

stream, rushing headlong on its way, over the rocky impediments of its bed, and sometimes dashing down precipices, or noisily contesting its right to proceed through narrows and rapids. It is for much of its length broad and shallow; at some seasons of the year so shallow that even where it is a mile in width a man might almost wade across it. But in the spring it loses this characteristic, and pours an impetuous torrent along its bed, its volume greatly augmented by the thawing of the snow upon the mountains, and by the spring rains; and sometimes it works terrible destruction by its floods. These spring freshets bear down immense masses of ice, timber and fragments of trees; and these, grounding upon the obstructions in the rocky bed, form dams extending from brink to brink. The water accumulating behind these dams suddenly overflows the low-lying country; and when the weight of the flood breaks the barrier, the water rushes onward, bringing irresistible destruction to everything in its course. The ice-gorges, as these icy dams are called, are sometimes magnificent in appearance, but in their consequences they are frequently terrible as well. The spring of the present year was remarkable for the excessive damage caused by the almost unprecedented floods.

Nevertheless, these floods have their uses, and when they are not excessive, are very welcome. The lumbermen of the Upper Susquehanna wait for them, as does the farmer for harvest time; as it is only during their continuance that it is possible to float down the river the logs which

ness: "On a level with the point lay a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid, that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere, compressed into a setting of hills and wilds. Its length was about three leagues, while its breadth was irregular, expanding to half a league, or even more, opposite to the point, and contracting to less than half that distance more to the southward. Of course, its margin was irregular, being indented by bays, and broken by many projecting, low points. At its northern, or nearest end, it was bounded by an isolated mountain, lower land falling off, east and west, gracefully relieving the sweep of the outline. Still the character of the country was mountainous; high hills, or low mountains, rising abruptly from the water, on quite nine-tenths of its circuit. The exceptions, indeed, only served a little to vary the scene; and even beyond the parts of the shore that were comparatively low, the background was high, though more distant. But the most striking peculiarities of this scene were its solemn solitude and sweet repose. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven and the dense

setting of the woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that scarce an opening could be seen, the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried hue of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out toward the light; and there were miles along its eastern shore where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of dark, Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, 'quivering aspens,' and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest-grandeur, softened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expanse of water."

Otsego Lake presents a very different scene to-day, with its thriving towns and villages sprinkled upon its once wooded slopes; its cultivated fields, and the boats which now ruffle the surface of its once placid bosom. Nevertheless, it is still beautiful. The mountain and the hills are still there; trees still overhang the water, which reflects the passing clouds as in days gone by. Cooper has made this region classic ground, since not only the novel from which I have quoted, was located here, but another one of the same series, "The Pioneers," describes the same spot, as it appeared two generations later.



WYOMING VALLEY.

have been cut in the extensive forests of Northern Pennsylvania. The passage of a raft down the river is quite an exciting affair. Its struggles with the rapids, and the skill required to avoid wreck upon the shoals and crags over which it is borne at a tremendous speed, make it an exceedingly interesting spectacle.

J. Fenimore Cooper, in "The Deerslayer," gives the following beautiful description of Otsego Lake, the head waters of the Susquehanna, as it appeared more than a century ago, while all the surrounding region was still an unbroken wilder-

No less classic ground is the Valley of Wyoming, famous for the tragedy which Campbell has described in his "Gertrude of Wyoming." The length of this valley, from north-east to south-west, is about twenty-five miles, while its width averages no more than three miles. The best

was Count Zinzendorf, the founder and apostle of the Moravian Missions in the New World, who came to Wyoming in 1742. Twenty years later, a colony came from Connecticut, and established itself in the valley, which was claimed by that State as a part of itself, under the grant which



SUSQUEHANNA AT NANTICOKE.

general view of this valley may be obtained from Prospect Rock, a crag jutting from a mountain just back of the town of Wilkesbarre. It is bounded on either side by high ranges of mountains. Through its northern section it is an extended plain, which breaks into a series of low,

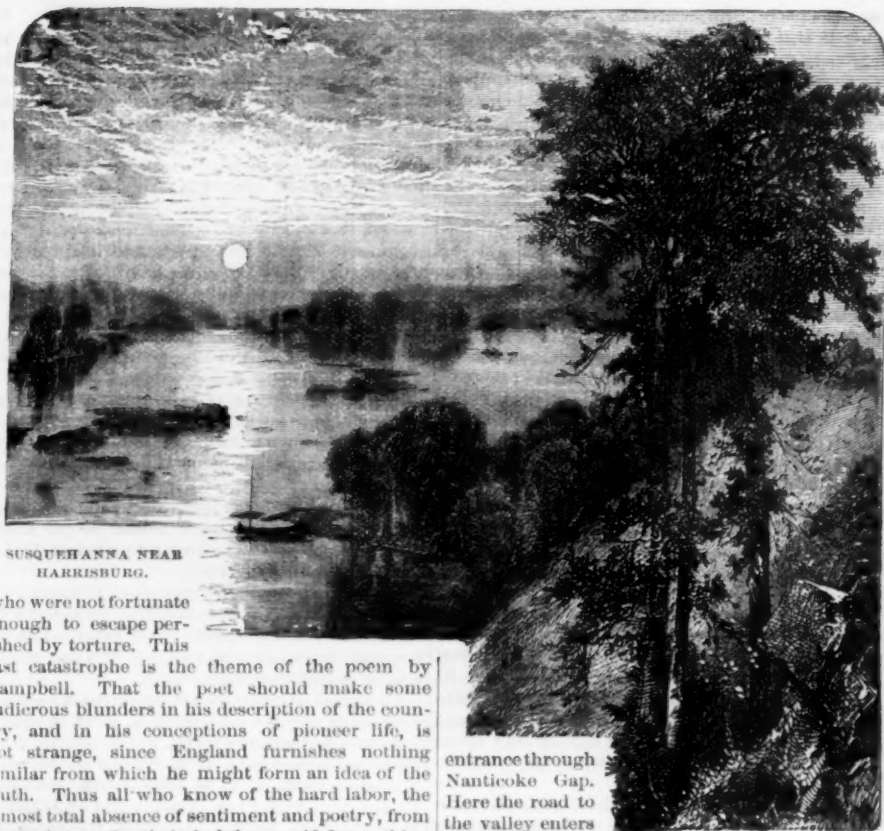
gave to Connecticut all the land within certain parallels of latitude between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Pennsylvania also claimed the region, and the inhabitants of the valley, whether from Connecticut or Pennsylvania, were continually engaged in a triangular warfare between each



SUSQUEHANNA BELOW WILLIAMSPORT.

undulating hills toward the south. The Susquehanna is seen here and there through gaps in the trees, a silver line flowing around the foot of the hills, and watering the extremely fertile plain of the valley. This spot was a favorite residence of the Indian tribes, and was originally the property of the Delawares. The first white man to visit it

other and the hostile Indians, who in turn disputed their right to the ground. The history of the valley is an exceedingly bloody one; but the disasters culminated on the 4th of July, 1778, when the unprotected inhabitants were attacked by the Tories, and escaped from them to fall into the hands of the more cruel Indians, and those



SUSQUEHANNA NEAR
HARRISBURG.

who were not fortunate enough to escape perished by torture. This last catastrophe is the theme of the poem by Campbell. That the poet should make some ludicrous blunders in his description of the country, and in his conceptions of pioneer life, is not strange, since England furnishes nothing similar from which he might form an idea of the truth. Thus all who know of the hard labor, the almost total absence of sentiment and poetry, from want of time for their indulgence, if for nothing else, which characterize life upon the frontier, will, no doubt, smile when they read the following stanza:

"Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe.
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town."

We may easily forgive this flight of the imagination; but when the poet talks of crocodiles and condors, the high magnolias on the hills, and the palm-trees, one cannot but confess that these are more than the widest poetic license will justify.

The troublous times have passed, and Wyoming still stretches itself along the margins of the Susquehanna as beautiful as ever, and peopled by a civilized, a peaceful and a prosperous people. Wilkesbarre is its most important town, having a population of upwards of five thousand, while the large coal-mines which surround it, and the ample facilities for transportation, both by rail and canal, make it the centre of considerable business.

The southern limit of Wyoming Valley is defined by the mountains between which lies the

entrance through
Nanticoke Gap.

Here the road to the valley enters a narrow mountain defile, through which the Susquehanna rushes in rapids which bear the name of Nanticoke Falls. From the heights at the little coal village of Nanticoke a fine vista of the extended plains of Wyoming are disclosed to the view; though at this point the distance is so great that the curiosity is only finally satisfied when Wilkesbarre is reached.

The junction of the east and west branches of the Susquehanna is one of the most beautiful situations in the State, and offers a striking combination of mountain and river scenery. The village of Northumberland is situated at this point.

The course of the west branch of the Susquehanna is quite as bold and grand in its scenery as that of the east branch. Its upper waters flow through a comparative wilderness. It crosses the line of the Allegheny Mountains, hugging close to mountain sides, and taking acute angles around them. The town of Williamsport is the principal point upon this branch. It is a beautifully-situated and rapidly-growing town of more than twenty thousand inhabitants, and with immense lumbering and lumber-manufacturing interests. The lumber used in this town is floated down from the upper waters of the river whenever there is a rise in the waters.

Below Northumberland the Susquehanna

spreads out into an exceedingly broad stream, while it still retains all its wild picturesqueness of scenery. One of the most beautiful spots upon the river is found at the junction of the Juniata with the main stream. Here the Susquehanna spreads out into a broad, lake-like expanse, several miles in width, its bosom dotted with green-growing islands, and its sides encompassed by the everlasting hills. The same characteristic scenery continues as far as Harrisburg, and below. At Dauphin, a few miles above Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania Central Railroad crosses the river, after taking a sudden, almost right-angled turn over a long, covered bridge. This bridge, which was built many feet above the ordinary level of the river, was swept away during the spring floods of the present year. The view at this point, both up and down the river, is magnificent in the extreme. Bold mountains raise their precipitous sides directly from the river's brink; and it has been found necessary in many places to cut a foothold for the railroad on the very face of the cliffs.

I doubt if there was ever a more picturesquely situated town than Harrisburg, the capital city of Pennsylvania. The Susquehanna is here nearly a mile in width, and the outlying hills of the Blue Ridge are already assuming mountainous proportions. The State House, an edifice of no special beauty in itself, occupies a commanding position upon a natural eminence a little north of the centre of the city, and from its dome a beautiful view may be obtained of the river, studded with its numerous green islands, and of the horizon-bounding hills, or rather mountains. Harrisburg is principally a manufacturing city, having innumerable iron-mills and machine-shops within its limits.

As long and as broad as is the Susquehanna, it is of little avail for purposes of navigation, save as it furnishes the water for a complicated net-work of canals, since it is navigable for sloops only five miles from its mouth. It is a mountain stream from Otsego Lake to Chesapeake Bay. The bay is but a broadening of the river, and its true mouth might be considered to be at the outlet of the bay, between Capes Charles and Henry, since there it is no wider than it is at many points above, nor so wide as at some.

The Susquehanna possesses the breadth of the Delaware, with all the petulance and waywardness and romantic beauty of a hill-side rivulet. During the summer it sometimes dwindles to a thousand threads, winding their way through a maze of tiny islands. But when spring returns, it forms a rolling and seething torrent, a mighty flood, striking terror to the hearts of the beholders, at the same time that it challenges their admiration.

[The pictures that accompany this article are taken from "Pennsylvania Illustrated," Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. It is a very attractive book, giving a large number of views in the great valleys of the Delaware, Schuylkill and Lehigh, and along the route of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Noted places in and around our city, with many of its fine public and private buildings are also illustrated.]

NOVELS AND NOVEL-READING.

EVERY branch of fine art springs out of something within human nature. All the arts are the external expression of something in the spirit, and literature, being one of the arts, must also be the external expression of something within. In seeking for the cause of some branches of the fine arts, it is often essential that we fall back upon our rights as human beings, and, placing our hand upon our hearts, say, "I love this or I love that because—I do." None of you can rise in your place and tell why you love music. Very often we have to be like the young man who was walking in the garden among the Romans—I am sure it was in the Roman days—with an old philosopher, and having come to a bed of poppies, the young man said: "Father, why is it the poppy makes people sleepy?"

Now, the custom of those old Latin and Greek professors was never to admit ignorance of anything, but always to know the whole reason; and there are men yet living of that class—theologians generally.

The old philosopher, looking upon the ground, said: "My son, the poppy makes people sleepy because it possesses a soporific principle." And the young man was happy.

Walking through the garden of literature, this flower called the novel—not this poppy, for the sermon is the true poppy of literature—this rose rises up before you and asks if you can tell the source of its gorgeous coloring.

The great Hindoo nation produced a beautiful system of morals, and quite a good system of scientific thought and truth, but no novel. Why? Because the reason of the novel had not been permitted to exist. The Hindoo world denied the existence of woman as a mental and spiritual being, and thus, having held back the cause, the effect failed to put in an appearance. The novel rose up out of the land which emancipated woman; and ever since that day the novel has been the photograph of woman, beautiful as she is beautiful, wretched where she declines. In the days of Sir Walter Scott it was nothing but the history of a green country courtship long drawn out and full of monotony, that is, to the rest of mankind. Had not Sir Walter Scott woven into his novels a vast amount of scenery and costume, his works to-day would be entirely crowded from our shelves. In Sir Walter Scott's day the entire efforts of genius in this line was to postpone a wedding. Just think of it! Escapes from bandits, Indians, poisoning and mothers-in-law, enabled the novel-writer then to accumulate stuff enough for two volumes, and then came a wedding or a funeral.

The question, Who should read novels? is perfectly absurd. There are in all the arts the high and the low. The wit of Rabelais is low, of Cervantes lofty. The paintings of the old Dutch school were humble, being most of them scenes in grogshops; but in the Dusseldorf school lofty, being for the most part great scenes from the world of nature. The poetry of Swinburne is low for the most part, that of Bryant lofty. These two colors, white and black, run through all the arts

everywhere, and it is for us to choose. Who should read the novel? Everybody should read the novel where woman decorates the great truths of life; but where the novel is the simple history of love, nobody. And especially should those read novels who the most don't want to. They the most need them; and there ought to be a law requiring a certain class of people to read one novel a year—persons who, through some narrowness of law, or of medicine, or of merchandise, or, what is most probable, of theology, have been reduced to the condition of pools of water in August—stationary, sickly, scum-covered, and just about to go dry.

Nor are we to love only the novel in the day when history has become so deep, so broad, so grand, not being the history of wars any more, but of thought, of science, of art. In such a day, to love only the novel, and to read only the novel, is to offer an insult alike to God and to man; but even Tyndall ought to turn away from his perpetual analyses of drops of water, everlastingly weighing of dust, and over the pages of John Halifax pass from a world of matter to a world of spirit. So must you all live, with all the beautiful things and the powerful things of God's world falling right into your open hearts, feeding the great flame of life. As miners look up a long shaft and see a little piece of sky which they call Heaven, so there are men who look through a long-punched elder, very long and very slim, and they see through the other end of it a spot, and call it a world. No, it must be the effort of your lives, my young friends, to get right away from this imprisonment. To be too near any one thing—that is fanaticism. It is the eclipse of God's great heavens in favor of your tallow candle.—
PROF. SWING.

FERNAN CABALLERO.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

"The mind of Cervantes stifled his heart. He who could make Don Quixote ridiculous had no heart. Neither the casque of Marabrinno nor the love of Marlornes makes me laugh. It always makes me weep."
—FERNAN CABALLERO.

THE greatest successes in the more modern lists of fiction have been achieved by masked knights. Often the mask was very flimsy, revealing glimpses of feminine features beneath the knightly helmet, and as often the disguise was almost impenetrable. "Boz," "Titmarsh," "Waverley," "Currier Bell," "George Eliot!" Masks!—but how dear to many who care very little about the faces that are behind them.

Fernan Caballero, who has given "a new world to Castile and Leon," is one of those who, in the present century, have gained their renown under a pseudonym, "He is a she." Her maiden name was Caecilia Böhl de Faber. Having married three times, she is now a widow, Madame de Baer. The *nom de plume*, Fernan Caballero, lives, but how many of her readers burdened their minds with her thrice-changed cognomens?

Her father was Don Juan Nicolas Böhl de Faber, to whose erudition and industry Spain owes a collection of ancient poetry, entitled, "Floresta de

Rimas Antiquas Castellanas." He had emigrated to Cadiz from Hamburg.

Caecilia was born in 1797, at Morges, Switzerland. It is worthy of notice that the publication of her first work was owing to the encouragement received from our own great writer, Washington Irving. The field of Spanish fiction had been un-reaped since the time of Cervantes, but there was little market for the grain. The Spanish people, like Don Judas in Fernan's story, "*Una en Otra*," do not read because reading injures the eyes. Knowing this, our authoress wrote her charming idyl, "The Alvareda Family," in German, and then rewrote it in Spanish. She did not at once publish this story, but, encouraged by Washington Irving, to whom she had submitted her manuscript, she went to work on another.

Sometime in 1849, "*La Gaviota*"—"the seagull, an epithet which Andalusians give to scolding women—made its appearance in the *Heraldo*, a daily paper of Madrid. Up to this time, it was not strange that Spanish women looked on novel-reading as something approaching the magnitude of a crime, for the only specimens of light reading attainable were translations of Sue, the early "inspirations" of George Sands, and the feuilletons in the French papers. The publication of "*La Gaviota*" opened a new vista. "In all this, however," says the *Edinburgh Review*, after mentioning several minor poets, "there was little sign of genuine national inspiration; the appearance, therefore, of an author like Fernan Caballero, a really original writer of fiction, offering vivid delineations of the manners and characters of the most poetic population of the peninsula, is an event in the literary history of Spain, and, we may add, in that of Europe."

The success of "*La Gaviota*" induced its author to place numerous other works before the public, which were well received by foreign critics, and the best of them translated into German, French and English.

A recent writer divides Fernan Caballero's works into three classes. The first comprises those stories which represent Andalusian life among the small farmers and rustic laborers, such as "*La Gaviota*," "*The Alvareda Family*," "*Una en Otra*," and "*Simon Verde*;" the second consists of those which describe "good society" as it exists in Seville; and the third of the stories of a shorter kind made to illustrate the proverbs that the Spanish peasant loves so well.

The majority of her stories were taken from real life. She moved from Cadiz to San Lucar de Barameda, from Chiclana to Seville, for the purpose of studying the characteristics of the Andalusians; "Living in the midst of this fine population," says a French translator of her books, "observing its manners, its ways of speaking, taking on the spot all those precious pictures of country life which need neither the imagination nor the arrangement of the novelist to be moving and profoundly dramatic."

Her romances excited great interest in France, and many attempts were made to discover her real name. "*Qu'importe!*" exclaims Germond de Lavigne in a notice. "*La Gaviota*," "*Dolores*,"

'Elia,' are signed Fernan Caballero; the Spanish say, 'Our Fernan,' and ask no more.

Such reasoning would not satisfy the American public in the case of a favorite writer; as the author of "A Princess of Thule" complains in a recent letter, they have a *penchant* for getting at the bottom of things.

Monsieur Merimée named this author "the Andalusian Sterne." From the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," we translate the following enumeration of her characteristics, which, being admirable, shall take the place of our own analysis:

"Like Sir Walter Scott, Fernan Caballero has a lively feeling of the traditional and local life of the regions about which she writes. She loves Spain, it is her first, her only inspiration—she loves Spain in its landscapes and its miseries, which are not without greatness. Her creations, her combinations, her personages, are not imitations; they are taken from the heart of the national life. They proceed from observation of the reality and comprehension of the poetry of common things, two qualities which, united and balancing each other, make real and original inventors.

"Fernan Caballero has a genius for details; she makes everything live. She has an instinct for those thousand shades, often imperceptible to vulgar eyes, which give each mood of nature a distinct physiognomy in the sight of all other human beings. Like Sir Walter Scott—more than Sir Walter Scott—she likes digressions, sinuous conversations, abandoning herself to them with delight, multiplying portraits and pictures full of freshness, prodigal of all that can throw new light on manners and characters. She collects the legends sung by the unlettered Andalusians, and passes with graceful ease from the refinements of the aristocratic world to the most humble scenes of popular life."

Madame de Baer herself appears to think that her works bear more resemblance to those of Emile Souvestre than to either Scott or Sterne's. In fact, they stand alone—the author is *sui generis*. Great talent impresses them, as it stamps the works of Sir Walter. She loves the legends of Spain as he loved the ballads of Scotland. She paints lovingly each national trait. Besides this, there is little resemblance; but the comparison seems to be a favorite. "La Gaviota," says Don Eugenio de Ochoa, "will be for our literature what Waverley was for English literature, the dawn of a beautiful day."

"La Gaviota" is, even setting aside its national significance, a truly powerful novel. As a work of art, it is perfect. The character of Marisálada, the heroine, is unique in modern fiction, and is worthy of the pen that drew Tito in "Romola."

The works of Fernan Caballero will never become popular in America without, indeed, their very contrast to American modes of thought and life should draw our people to them; but no student of literature or of national peculiarities should neglect them. To the latter they will prove of more advantage than a year's travel in Spain.

The assertion that Fernan Caballero's novels were published at the expense of the queen, does great injustice to the Spanish people. A complete

edition—a rare enterprise in Spain—was issued at Madrid by Don Francisco de Mallado. This is the greatest compliment that could be paid to "our Fernan." During Isabella's reign, Madame de Baer occupied apartments in the Alcazar. It is hardly possible that the new government has been less kind to this great novelist than that of the Bourbon queen.

The words prefixed to this paper give the key-note to the sentiment of Fernan Caballero's writings.* Like the Andalusians, who, literally, find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," she sees a tender thought, a suggestion of beauty in the most common and uncouth things.

A WORD TO WIVES.

BY CELIA SANFORD.

"NOT crying are you, Mattie? What has happened to distress you?"

"Well, I am ashamed to tell, or ought to be, I suppose. But, you see, I had ~~set~~ my heart on going to the social, and, as usual, Edward has contrived some errand to take him off in another direction. He is so absorbed in business that he scarcely ever finds time to go out with me of an afternoon, or even in the evening; and what is worse, he never seems to think that I want to go anywhere. If he finds sufficient food and relaxation for his own mind in his changeful employment, he ought to remember that I need some recreation, shut up here from morning till night with the squalling young ones."

"I thought Edward was very social in his habits."

"But he is not at all the man he used to be. He used to be very fond of society, and never thought of going out without taking me with him; but now if he *does* happen to go anywhere, he manages to go when it is impossible for me to accompany him. You can't begin to think what changes five years have wrought. But what vexed me most was—though, I suppose, I ought not to mention it, even to you—he said he thought I might find quite work enough to employ my time at home."

I thought so, too, as my eye glanced over the forlorn-looking little woman, in a slovenly morning-gown, with gaiters fretted and torn out at the sides—these being the only articles of wearing apparel visible upon her person—and then took a

* Apropos of this, we may quote the following: "There is hardly a bird, or a shrub, or an odor, about which the Andalusians have not some pious and simple legend. The white poplar was the first tree the Creator made, and therefore, being the oldest, it is hoary. Rosemary has its sweetest perfume and its brightest blossoms on Fridays, the day of the Passion, because the Virgin Mother hung on a rosemary bush the clothes of the infant Jesus. Everybody loves the swallow, because they plucked out the thorns of our Saviour's crown on the cross; while the owl, who dared to look impassively on the crucifixion, has been afflicted ever since, and can utter nothing but *Cruz! Cruz!* (Cross! Cross!) The rose of Jericho was once white, but a drop of our Saviour's blood fell on it, and it has been red ever since. Children smile in their sleep because angels visit them."

hasty survey of the room, for, though it was late in the afternoon, the table was standing against the wall with one leaf raised, and covered with a soiled cloth and the remains of dinner. The potato-kettle and frying-pan were sizzling on the stove, which, to say the least, was not the tidiest stove in the world. A patchwork quilt was spread on the dusty carpet, and two pillows—I will not attempt to describe them—supported a six-months-old baby in a sitting posture upon it; while a four-year-old boy with smutty face and tangled curls—yet, withal, a bright-eyed, interesting child—was doing his best, with tin whistle, and rattle-box, and various toys, to amuse the little one; and I could scarcely refrain from exclaiming: "What changes five years have wrought, to be sure!"

And as the mother lifted the little one from the floor and sat down in a low rocker to give him his dinner and hush him to sleep, my mind went back to the time when Mattie was a charming girl, with sweet and winning manners, and so neat and particular about her dress and appearance. I knew that the proud, sensitive, high-spirited Edward Osborne had regarded her as the perfection of loveliness, and when he had won her for his bride, everybody said, "It was such a good match, they were so well suited to each other," and had predicted for them a cloudless life and an unusual store of happiness.

For a few months after their marriage he had seemed to enjoy so much going with his young wife into society, and had seemed so fond and proud of her; then our paths in life had diverged for a time, and I had seen but little of my friends till of late.

That there had been a change was apparent; and the cause was apparent, for, in addition to the careless, untidy habits which I have described, I had more than once been witness to little exhibitions of temper—which no third person should witness—had seen the pouting lip, the flashing eye, and the defiant look; and heard the words of cutting censure; and had noted with sorrow the lack of the little courtesies and loving attentions that had once been so easy and natural. And I knew that love was in jeopardy; that the peace and happiness of two hearts that should be as one, was endangered. I knew that the canker, the mildew and the blight does not more surely work out destruction and devastation, than that these little things, so thoughtlessly committed and neglected, eat out, and undermine, and destroy all that is lovely and pleasant and to be desired in our lives.

It is pleasant to be loved, and, wives, if you would retain your husband's love in all its freshness and old-time fervor, be yourself a lover. Be to him all you would have him be to you. Make yourself as attractive in his sight as was your wont in other days. Your cheek would have tingled once, and you would have been embarrassed beyond measure had he surprised you by his presence when you were in faulty attire and your hair in papers. You would on no account have appeared before him in slatternly dress or disheveled hair. And if the lover was worthy of painstaking, the husband should be still more so.

The love that is worth winning is worth retaining. The thousand little arts that you studied so carefully to make yourself charming in his eyes are no less needful now.

The years are slipping by. One by one they drop from the golden thread on which they are strung, and you cannot gather them up. By and by your hair will begin to be threaded with silver, your cheek will become wrinkled, your eye dim, your sense of hearing dulled and your beauty and outward attractions will grow less and less; but, if you will, you may build around your husband a wall of love that the tooth of time cannot affect. You may bind his heart to yours with a threefold cord that cannot easily be broken.

Make home pleasant. Make it just as bright and beautiful as it is possible to do, and great wealth is not necessary for this. It is astonishing how much may be accomplished with very little means. Plant flowers. Train a vine over the lattice. Let the glorious sunshine into every room in the house. Have books, magazines, pictures and music, if you can, and let furniture and ornaments, however simple and plain they may be, harmonize. Be scrupulously neat, tidy and punctual. Be yourself the light and charm of your home. When your husband comes home, tired with the day's labor, meet him with a smile and kind words. Exert yourself to make home the brightest, dearest spot in all the world to him. There are many temptations in the world; allure him from them by every art in your power. Inform yourself on the current topics of the day, and be ready to discuss them at the tea-table, or in the evening. Study his tastes. Defer to his opinions when you can, or, if you must differ, do it modestly, with sweetness and gentleness of manners, avoiding everything like altercation or contradiction.

Be content to live within your means. Economize if circumstances demand it. Many a man has been ruined by his wife's extravagance. Many a man has risen to competence and wealth by his wife's frugality. I despise littleness and stinginess. The woman who would dicker half an hour to buy a paper of needles for five cents worth six, is not my ideal of a woman. But I would recommend a cheerful, fearless retrenchment of all superfluities, if the indulgence of them would expose your husband's business to embarrassment. Don't wear expensive finery if your means will not allow. It is out of taste. If you cannot afford to wear silk, or velvet, or costly material, have the courage and independence to wear calico, and do it uncomplainingly, as a true woman should. Many an indulgent husband has yielded to unjust and exacting demands from his wife, greatly to his detriment, because he could not bear to see her tears or hear her reproaches. It has been truly said that woman has it in her power to make or mar her husband's fortune.

Solomon described a model wife, and said: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of his life. She worketh willingly with her hands. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

The happiness, comfort and thrift of home depends in a great measure upon woman, but while she occupies her rightful place beside her husband in the great battle of life, she should never indulge in a domineering or dictatorial spirit. It is in exceedingly bad taste.

I know a woman, a very worthy woman in many respects, who takes it upon her to dictate to her husband in all matters, great or small, pertaining to his business; and he, a kind, hard-working, indulgent man, submits with a grace that is truly praiseworthy and martyr-like.

She says: "We did not buy the adjoining lot which husband wished so much to do, in order to bring his farm into better shape, because I thought the price asked was too high." Or, "We did not build a barn this year as we intended, because I thought the money could be better invested in fruit trees and shrubbery." Or, "We did not sow fall wheat, because I thought it would be better to sow oats in the spring. Husband had quite set his heart on a mowing-machine this year, but I told him that as he had got along without one so long, and always got his hay in in good season, I guessed he could wait another year, and the money was just what I needed to buy a chamber set."

Now it is all right and proper that a woman should understand her husband's business, and be able to help him in any way that he wishes, or circumstances require. And I think those families prosper most—other things being equal—where this is the case; but she steps from her own proper sphere when she assumes the control of what rightfully belongs to him even in ever so small a degree. "She wears the breeches," is an exceedingly doubtful compliment.

There are cases, indeed, where the woman is far more competent than her husband to manage business affairs; and if he knows it, and is willing to abide by her judgment, it is all right; but if she has sense equal to her capabilities, she will not take advantage of this fact to show her superiority over him, much less to parade it before the world. But she will exercise her presiding genius in such a modest and unassuming way that no offence will be given, and no slur cast upon her womanhood.

There are, here and there, milk-and-water men and women, who will tamely submit to any invasion of their rights, to indignity and even abuse, their sensibilities not being fine enough to be hurt thereby, or not having force of character enough to resent; but, as a general thing, the assumption on either hand of the rights and privileges that naturally, or by right of bestowal, belong to the other, is promotive only of evil.

Wives and mothers, to you individually is committed the noble privilege and duty of making home worthy of the name. It is for you to say whether your home shall be a paradise or a prison bounded by four gloomy walls. It is for you to determine whether you will be queen or menial in your own home. If happiness cannot be found in a cheerful, well-ordered, refined, cultivated, Christian home, then we need look nowhere for it in this sin-stained world.

A DREAM.

BY E. MILLER CONKLIN.

TWAS nothing but a passing dream,
A vision of the night;
And yet, so real did it seem,
I almost mourned its flight!
The boat was frail, the winds were wild,
The sea rolled mountain-high;
But hand in hand we sat and smiled,
My father dear, and I!

And wave on wave rose threatening o'er,
But did not overwhelm;
We knew not how we reached the shore,
Nor who was at the helm!
Ah, could I feel that hand-clasp warm,
That long-lost dear one see,
Fain would I brave the wildest storm,
Nor fear the tossing sea.

FIFTY YEARS AGO;

OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 7.

"PASS the dish to father," I said this morning at breakfast.

"Oh, no, I don't like grits; the no-taste carries me away back to 1811 and '12, when we had to eat them without salt," said he. "I never taste grits without seeing the old hominy mortar, or block, standing in the yard before Uncle Davis's cabin. There were no mills in reach of us to grind our gorn, and the only alternative was to pound it up tolerable fine.

"How was such a block made, father?" asked one of the boys.

"Well, you see," said he, "that we worked according to the tools we had. A solid new stump was chipped and hacked a little in the centre, then some kindlings and stones laid on it and a fire started. After awhile the stones would get hot and burn into the stump, and a nice, smooth hollow would be the result. Then, for a pounder or pestle we always drove an iron wedge into the end of a thick, heavy piece of timber, and this made a very good substitute. The corn was pounded and sifted, and the meal that was fine enough to go through the sieve was used for pone and mush, and the coarse, cracked pieces of grains made grits or hominy. Our pounding-block was a movable one, and could be taken into the house and we could work at night. Oh, when we used to eat our humble food unseasoned by salt, I thought times were very hard indeed! The nearest salt was at Zanesville, and there was no road in that direction, so that it had to be packed on horses. One horse would walk directly behind the other. We made a tincupful of salt go a great ways then. It was not uncommon for women to borrow a tea-cupful of salt at a time."

"Did you think this was a pretty place when you first came here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! I had quit fretting for the evergreen trees, and the broad and beautiful view of Lake Champlain, and the men and boys we had left

behind us, and the tea and short-cake and all these likes that were so dear to my heart.

"You see, when we left Uncle Davis's, we all moved into a little cabin that our daddys had put up on Uncle Solomon Hill's land, just over there across the creek, up on that slope above the bank. We three families lived all together in the one cabin for as much as six months. During that time my daddy built on this farm and cleared some.

"But you asked if I thought this was a pretty place, and how it looked. It was in the month of February that I first saw this place. I felt an affinity for it the minute I set foot on it. That February day was a mild one, there was a humid atmosphere, a blue, soft haze enveloped the hills and lay in the creek valley. I crossed the creek on the ice, and followed a little path that my daddy had made through the woods. More than half the way was through a dense thicket, a low matted growth of small timber interlaced with vines. I stopped and took long breaths, and stood in my bare head and looked up at the sky through the woven branches. I imagined that I would soon become an adept in popping over Indians. We were the fifth family in the township."

"There is one thing that I cannot understand," said one of the girls, "how in this world could people manage when they had only one room in which they ate, and worked, and slept. The sleeping arrangement is what puzzles me."

"Easiest thing in the world," said he, laughing. "If two beds stood close together, a quilt or sheet was hung between them. My mamma's bed had a curtain of blue calico hanging around it."

"What did you do when the preacher stayed all night at your house?"

"Well, we men folks would sit round the fire in winter, or the fireplace in summer, and tell stories, and pat in the ashes, and punch the brands, and be so much interested that we didn't notice when the women retired. Then when we went to bed the fire would be all covered up and the house dark. In the morning, when breakfast was nearly ready, and the preacher opened his eyes and yawned, then the women would have some excuse for going out-doors, maybe for chips, or to cut meat for breakfast, or to do the milking. At a concerted signal they would come in. I presume this was the unpleasant part for the teacher who boarded round, and had to sleep in the same room with the whole family. I know of one teacher who used to sleep in a little loft in the milk-house, some distance from the dwelling."

"Why, that was a strange place for lodging; rather cool and airy."

"Oh, he said it was delightful to lie and listen to the rippling of the water and to peep out from the openings in the roof and see the blue sky and the gleam of the stars," said father, laughing, "but I guess it was the blue of a pair of eyes that he admired the most."

"Oh, what was it, father? do tell us the story," said one of the girls.

"Oh, it is a homely sort of a narrative, not much of the romantic in it, and if there was I couldn't bring it out," said our father, laughing. "Well,

I can tell it just as Carrol told me. He said he wanted Lucy, and her father wasn't willing, and got mad and said it would be a pretty story, indeed, for his daughter, the like of Lucy Clark, to marry a schoolmaster who had to teach school for a living at ten dollars a month. Now, Carrol had set his face on the law and put his aim pretty high, and he meant to come up to it. Lucy loved him, but her father influenced her, and she finally married John Hunks, an old bachelor, whose farm joined the Clark's section. Carrol went off and studied law, and in time was one of the first lawyers in that part of the country. Somehow, he couldn't get the image of Lucy out of his heart, he couldn't fall in love with any other woman.

"One day, about five years after his disappointment, he took a notion he'd like to see the place and the people where he had taught his last school. He was heavily bearded and dark, and had grown taller and looked very unlike the smooth-faced boy of other years. He longed to look upon the idol of his young manhood. Fortune favored him. He went to the village near her home and idly sauntered into the one dry-goods store. No one knew him. He had not been there ten minutes until a little, sun-burnt woman came in, carrying a bag of rags, a basket of eggs, a pail of butter and an empty jug. Her face was flushed with walking and her bare, brown hands looked like a pair of claws. She wore a calico sun-bonnet made over a whole sheet of pasteboard, and her shoes were a heavy pair of clogs, a size too small for her husband, which she wore as a matter of economy. She did not recognize Carrol in the manly man who sat back a little from the door.

"His heart beat faster, while it ached with pity. Poor Lucy, into what a mercenary niggard had the lassie ripened! She inquired what they paid for rags, eggs and butter, and began a tirade against the low prices. She wanted to buy some muslin and some molasses, and when told how they sold them, expressed great astonishment that they would dare to ask so much. She called their system of traffic dishonest, and said they ought to become rich at such an unreasonable rate per cent.

"Carrol's idol crumbled and fell to the ground. It was but coarse clay, after all. When the indignant little termagant closed her bargaining, she gathered up her bag, basket and pail, shut her white lips with a pucker, that meant business, and walked out of the store, digging her little, hard heels into the floor defiantly, while she lugged the dangling jug of molasses by a string instead of a handle.

"He was cured, and in less than a year married a woman who was his equal if not his superior.

"I rode with Carrol all day in a stage-coach once; we were the only passengers, and that was how he came to tell me this episode in his life."

"What became of Carrol, the poor schoolmaster and the rising lawyer? did he reach the goal he had aimed for in his young manhood?" I asked.

Father laughed knowingly and smoothed the end of his thumb over a threadbare place in his jeans pantaloons, as he slowly said: "Do you remember a lawyer in — by the name of —?"

"Yes," said I, "but what of him?"

"Well, he was the poor schoolmaster whom I have called Carrol, that's all," said he.

"Why, father, how you talk! you surprise me! he was the governor of the State; our best and noblest governor," I said, with staring eyes.

"Yes, so he was. Carrol was the best governor we ever had," was the reply; "the noblest Roman of them all."

"And what became of Lucy Clark Hunks, the blue-eyed school-girl, who was the first love of the governor?"

"Well, she was the mother of eight poor, ignorant sons and daughters, who had no higher aim in life than to become wealthy, and they counted wealth by acres. They were the greediest, grasping family I ever saw. Why, whenever Lucy was sick unto death, she always whined for a little sack of money that she had, and it was brought to her, and she held the little wallet by the neck, sleeping and waking. I remember, one time, her husband was at our house to see about buying some calves. I was in the sitting-room, reading, and he was shown in to where I was.

"He stopped, and stared, and stood still. When he spoke, he said: 'I declare! I don't go much on books myself, I 'sider that a man can do without 'em, and I 'cided long ago that the money 'vested in books better be put into real estate, good land, fat acres, somethin' that can't take wings and flee away, somethin' safe from fire, and water, and 'structive elements; that's my 'pinion.'

"I thought such a narrow-minded man wasn't fit to be the father of a family.

"I remember hearing my daddy tell of the Methodist preacher staying at our house, one night, long ago, and John Hunks' father was lying ill and it was feared he never would recover, and the poor old man, with death staring him in the face, concluded it might be well enough when the 'Methody minister' was so near them to send for him.

"The preacher found him lying in a dark corner, breathing with difficulty, and approached him with: 'My friend, this is hard to bear; I hope you are patient under the circumstances. Did you want me to come and pray with you?'

"Wall—yes," was the reply, wheezed out in a voice scarcely audible; 'don't know as 't'll mount to much, but I thought as how you was so nigh to us, you might pray a little, it won't do any harm, any how, you know.'

"Do you love to read your Bible? have you found precious the promises contained therein?" said the minister.

"I can't read nary a word, but then I know a good many things that's in the Bible from hearsay. These old ears have served me faithfully. I know all the fax about Addum and Eve just as well as if I'd 'a been there—'bout their residen in the garden of Egypt and eaten of the—the—British soup, I think's the word—and their findin' out their stark nakedness an' makin' aprons fur themselves out o' pig leaves. I have that all at my tongue's end, an' then I know about Mosy in the little plastered basket, and the trouble he had with the Pizzytes, and the Izzarites eatin' mamma off

the ground that had rained down out o' the sky, an' about the plagues of the fleas, an' all that. You'd find me pretty well posted on Bible matters, squire, and here the poor old man stopped and wiped the moisture from his brow.

"Have you ever made a profession of religion; ever experienced a change of heart?" asked the minister.

"Well, that's where you have me, squire," he replied. 'I did sort o' jine meetin' once, but, somehow, I didn't stick; I s'pect I didn't git the right flop in the fast place, or else I hadn't good root or somethin'. Last winter I tuck to goin' to meetin' agin, an' got kind o' warmed over, an' I felt better, a sight better, than I did at fust. I was in danger o' the dark place, sure.'

"Do you enjoy communing with your Saviour? do you love to pray?" asked the minister.

"There you've got me agin, squire; I'm not much on prayin', an' the like. Fact is, I didn't come o' prayin' stock,' and the poor old man smiled a made-up, ghastly smile that was pitiful to see.

"The minister read the chapter about the thief on the cross, and knelt beside the bed and offered up a fervent prayer. Before he took his leave the old man called him to the bedside, and after painfully fumbling around in his bosom, drew out a wallet and shook out of it a warm silver dollar, which he urged the minister to accept. The proffered kindness was politely rejected."

While father was talking, one of our old neighbors, Elnathan Starkey, came in. We were laughing heartily about old Mr. Hunks telling the preacher that he did not come of "prayin' stock."

Elnathan turned in and laughed as hard as any of us, then he wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his wamus and said: "'Pears to me now that in those old times, Alex, there was a power of real Simon-pure religion in our new neighborhood. What ranting, stirring, wide-awake Methodists we did use to have in our day! Just think of the Gwin family, for instance. They were a holy family—the religious element could have been no stronger without reaching fanaticism.

"I often laugh over an incident that occurred in 1820, when little Hannah Gwin was teaching school. You remember she taught a term or two in the lower part of Father Gwin's old house. Hannah wasn't much of a scholar, could only read and write, tolerable like, but she was so good that some of the mothers prevailed on her to gather their little ones around her for instruction. Hannah wouldn't make near so much teaching as she would sewing. You know, Alex, she commanded a dollar a week the year round; she was a powerful fine hand with the needle, no sewing-machine of nowadays could make any finer stitching than did Hannah."

"But what is the incident, Elnathan, that you started out to tell us?" said May.

"Oh, well, yes, yes; it was in 1820, one hot summer day a sudden storm came on with thunder and lightning and pouring rain. The old clap-board roof leaked a good bit, but Hannah had the children sit in dry places, and they didn't mind it much until the thunders were so loud that their

voices were drowned in the noise. All at once came a peal of thunder that shook the low cabin, and almost at the same instant it was followed by a blaze of lightning which struck the trunk of a large elm directly in front of the house. The shock was severe, and very white were the faces of poor Hannah and the little ones. I told you that Hannah was a good Methodist, but, unfortunately, she could not sing. Looking around over the little group, she said: 'Will some one start a suitable hymn?' That instant a blue-eyed little girl, with a voice that suggested the song of the lark, started up, to the tune of Pischah, that blessed old hymn, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.' She sang at the top of her voice and the fire of enthusiasm caught, and all the scholars and the teacher joined in with an earnestness and fervor that was beautiful. By the time the hymn was finished, patches of blue sky began to appear and the black clouds were gathered up and the storm was over.

"Poor Hannah, she felt so safe, and trustful, and happy during the storm: the hymn seemed to lift them all out of the reach of danger. I remember she said to the little girl, 'Why, I was so glad you chose that suitable hymn; it was just the very one for the occasion, it lifted me above all fear or care and made me feel that God was watching over us like a tender, loving father. Perhaps it is well enough that I cannot sing much; I should always be singing hymns and, maybe, annoying people.'

"But, Alex, I declare for it! I often smile now, after the lapse of fifty years, when I think of that wild summer storm, and Hannah and the children in the midst of it, singing so beautifully. 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.' Hannah thought it was so appropriate, too, when, you see, that it wasn't at all, only that the word stormy was in it."

This incident was very enjoyable to us; we who were not born, and knew nothing of life, and times, and trials of fifty years ago.

"I'll never forget," said father, "a little fuss I saw at the raising of old Captain Parker's barn. It was just after old Bedford was out of the State's prison; he had served a year and this was the first gathering after he came home. Deacon Jones's father was talking to Judge Lee, perhaps on some political topic, and old Bedford heard him use the word plenipotentiary. He became very wrathful, and flew at him and was raining down the blows thick and fast, when some of the men interfered and shook him, and an explanation ensued, and it came to his understanding, very dimly, however, that he had been over-sensitive and had no cause whatever for insult. Bedford had never heard of such a word in his life, but the word penitentiary was somewhat like it in sound, and he knew what that meant."

"As a general thing we had good preachers in early days," said Elmathan, "but when I tell my folks that everybody used whisky and thought it no harm and no more disgrace than to drink tea or lemonade now, I can hardly make them believe it of the preachers."

"It is a fact, nevertheless," said father, "but

speaking of preachers reminds me of old Parson Harmon; ha, ha! Now, really, that man, when excited, frequently used language that was a little dubious, I think. Really, I couldn't call it much less than downright, real wicked, bad language. Yet he was a very earnest, tender-hearted, generous man, his language was good and he was specially eloquent in prayer.

"People were not so ready to criticize their pastors then as they are now, they allowed them to have human traits, to be brother men. I remember, one time, a committee of two were appointed to confer with old pastor Harmon, to approach him very gently on this point and see what he thought of it and how he regarded it. We didn't want the unconverted to find a flaw in the character of our preacher.

"Judge Lee approached the subject as gently as he could. The parson looked up with a bright, frank face and, smiling, said: 'My dear brothers, you are mistaken. I never swear. I would scorn to do it; still, I am aware that sometimes my language is very strong, but it is only a kind of a rough way I have of praying when I am excited! I may be a little peculiar, that's all.'"

LUCERNE, ITS BRIDGES AND MOUNTAINS.

BY C.

LUCERNE is a very pleasant little city, the capital of the canton of Lucerne, in Switzerland. The River Reuss runs through it, which has meandered down from above the St. Gothard Pass, and here becomes an arrowy, sea-green river. It is spanned by handsome bridges, having for foot-walks covered galleries, whose walls are all painted over with pictures, some like those in old-fashioned books for children, some really excellent, all old and huge, many very interesting, and some amusing, so that you think you will never get across the bridge for looking at them. One of the bridges has none but New Testament sketches on the walls of the walk on one side, and Old Testament sketches on the other. This scriptural bridge is of considerable length, but you do not get weary of it, for you can rest your eyes from the frescoes by gazing over the lovely lake. In another bridge are painted famous scenes in Swiss history. In another, the complete array of Holbein's "Dance of Death," which is not now believed to have been painted by Holbein. Wordsworth, who wrote some poetry on these bridge paintings, says there are two hundred and forty in the scriptural bridge.

Lucerne is highly picturesque, enclosed by a wall and watch-towers.

The arsenal at Lucerne contains many curious old trophies that give one new ideas of implements of warfare before the use of gunpowder. Here also may be seen the shirt of mail worn by Duke Leopold, of Austria, when he was struck down by a club in the great slaughter at Sempach. Thorwaldsen's monument to the Swiss guards is one of the most chaste, simple and touching works of its kind anywhere to be found.

The Lake of Lucerne is called by the Swiss the

Vier Waldstetter See, or Lake of the Four Cantons—the four original cantons of Switzerland bordering upon it. It is surrounded by scenery more sublime than any other in the world, except, perhaps, the Lake of Geneva. It is walled in by rich, green mountains, rising from the water's edge, or leaving garden-like plats in front, relieved by ravines opening back from the shore, dotted with houses and rich with cultivation. These near mountains are from four to seven thousand feet high. The Righi is the highest of them. Through every opening the peaks of the Oberland Alps appear afar. On the south-east, a few miles away, tower heavenward the snowy masses of the Chariden Alps, more than ten thousand feet high. And on the south, a few miles further away, with only their bases hidden, stand three other mountains nearly as lofty.

Thus, within the Lucerne panorama, we have every element of beauty and grandeur that the Lake of Geneva has, except that there is not within range any such one giant of glory as Mont Blanc. The ascent of the Righi is the most glorious of all excursions to be had from Lucerne now since the railway runs to its top, and a visit to the Lucerne region without going to the top of Righi, is not to be thought of.

We have read that Petrarch once climbed a high mountain, and after enjoying all that was there spread out to the vision, he took from his pocket Augustine's Confessions, and his eye rested on a passage much like this: Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the source of rivers; but they neglect their inborn majesty and the source of their salvation. Petrarch closed the book and meditated: Since I have wearied myself so much to reach the summit of this mountain, that my body might be nearer to heaven, what toil would be too great to procure the entrance of my soul there?

It has seemed to others that the climbing of mountains works but little redemption. To go to the top of Righi in the afternoon, see the sun set, remain over night (there is a house kept open a few weeks each season,) and see the sun rise, and view all the mountains brought out with splendid distinctness, and in the rear reinforced by all the rest of the Oberland range, while on the remote west the low sky is serrated with the white crests of the Helvetian Alps, is a sight that fills one with an overpowering sense of awe. The amazing panorama, seen from the Righi, has a circumference of not less than three hundred and fifty miles. We look down into the streets of Lucerne, and it seems impossible that it can be six miles from the foot of the mountain. One hundred and fifty villages can be seen from its top.

Directly east of the Righi is the Rossberg. Their summits are, perhaps, five miles apart. Seventy years ago an avalanche, nearly half a mile wide, from the side of this mountain, fell and crushed into the vale between the Rossberg and the Righi, burying every house and person in the village of Goldau so deep that no vestige of it was ever found, except the bell of the church, which was thrown a mile up the valley, and by some strange

chance was not injured. A village now stands where Goldau was, bearing its name.

Within the memory of many people now living a part of a mountain that rises from Lake Lucerne fell into the lake, and threw up a wave, that sped across the lake, there four miles wide, and destroyed the whole hamlet of Obermatt, with every person and living creature. Another hamlet of the same name stands on the site of the one that was drowned.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

FROEBEL.

WE take from the *Methodist* the following interesting sketch of Froebel, the originator of the Kindergarten system. It is by Edward Eggleston:

The Kindergarten writers and translators have given us in English hand-books and guides and everything else but the beautiful story of the self-sacrificing life of Friedrich Froebel, and of the gradual development of the man until his invention of the Kindergarten system—his "discovery of the method of nature," as he would call it. For all the germs of the Kindergarten were in the life of Froebel—he was the apostle of childhood, outfitted with a wonderful store of natural gifts and subtle sympathies, and providentially enriched by his various experiences as a boy and man, and as an educational reformer during half a century, and divinely set apart to be the deliverer of infancy. What a world of benignity, of patience, of endurance, of unselfishness, of child-like simplicity shines out of his homely face as one looks now at his portrait!

He intended himself for an architect; God meant him not to build cathedrals, but for the grander work of building little block-houses for babies. Is it not the greater mission? For with block-houses he built the living temples of human nature. What is there in St. Paul's, or Notre Dame, or St. Peter's—what is there at Strasbourg, at Cologne, at Milan, worth the education of one child? Who would not rather be Pestalozzi or Froebel than Michael Angelo or Sir Christopher Wren? Froebel, like so many other great men, discovered his destiny only by accident—if, indeed, there are any such things as accidents in such a life. The young architect happened at a meeting of Pestalozzian teachers at the house of one Grüner, a school principal. He was asked to give his opinion on some educational question. As he, with that marvellous intuition so characteristic of him, unfolded to his charmed listeners his views, Grüner clapped him on the back, crying, "Froebel, you are meant for nothing else but a teacher; will you accept a place in my school?" The young Froebel, whose own childhood and youth had not been happy, did not hesitate when he heard this call, but forsaking his dreams of distinction as eagerly as Peter left his fishing-nets, gave himself thenceforth, in evil and good report, through opposition, calumny, persecution and disaster, to education in the highest and truest sense. No desire to make a popular school ever tempted him to swerve from the lofty ideal that

he had set before him, no wish to make a good show at examination ever led him to dream that he could educate a child by cramming him with facts. He could neither be seduced, nor intimidated, nor discouraged. He became the leader of a devoted band of teachers, who counted nothing in life dear unto them, if they could but accomplish the end of living. I do not know that there is any other Christianity in the world but just this.

Froebel was past fifty years of age, ripened by all his experience, study and toil in teaching, when he set about reforming the management and training of the youngest children, and devised the plans which have not to this time been improved. He was quite unwilling that his new institution for children under seven years of age should be called a school. He called it Kindergarten—intending it to be a true "Child-garden," where little children might grow as naturally as plants in a garden, having such assistance and direction as a gardener gives. For the gardener, wiser than a routine teacher, does not attempt to make a plant grow contrary to its own nature, he helps it to the highest growth and completest development possible to its nature.

Jean Paul said: "Play is the poetry of childhood." Froebel, with equal insight and more practical wisdom, said: "Play is the first work of childhood." This immortal sentence is the cornerstone of the Kindergarten. There must be nothing in it but play. All the training it gives is given through plays—that is, through employments delightful to children. Irksome tasks are banished—time enough for them when the muscle has hardened, and the mind is more mature. To make little children drudge at lesson or work is as unnatural as to yoke frisking calves to a plough. But Froebel knew that the earliest childhood was a period of the greatest susceptibility to educational influences. If not directed, infancy must be lost, and may be perverted. So, with colored balls, with "gifts" of sphere and cube and cylinder, with stick-laying, mat-weaving and slat-interlacing, with pen-work, clay-modeling and net-drawing, with miniature gardening, paper-cutting and tablet-laying, with merry musical and imitative plays, all philosophically arranged and subordinated to their end, the good and wise teacher, like a magician, managed to give moral and mental discipline of the most invaluable kind to little children, while he rendered them ten-fold happier than they could be without the Kindergarten.

Froebel was a great educator, and the leader of a band of teachers who were called Froebellites, before he bethought him of his Kindergarten. But this work, which occupied the last fifteen years of his life, he rightly regarded as the embodiment of the ripest result of his studies. The younger Fichte finds in the Kindergarten methods evidence that Froebel was a great philosopher, with an unsurpassed knowledge of human nature. This knowledge has not found its best utterance in his writings—it is not in them that his greatness appears—but in his adaptation of methods to educational ends. I cannot hope that my own testimony

will be of any value after so many of the most eminent thinkers of Europe have given their approval to Froebel's plans, but my admiration for the greatest of pedagogues has increased with every year that I have known the Kindergarten, and seen its methods and its results.

Froebel died at seventy, surrounded by the devoted Froebellite teachers.

"Carry me to the window that I may look out," he said.

"It will hasten your death," said his physician.

"Friend," answered the child-like old man, "I have been all my life accustomed to live in the society of nature, and will you forbid me to look upon her once more before I die?"

And so, looking nature in the face, the old man who had become as a little child, who had lived for "the least of these" brethren of Christ, died calmly.

No monument—not Sir Christopher Wren's itself—could be more appropriate than his. They put over his grave a cube, a sphere and a cylinder—"the third gift"—with which he was accustomed to teach children of three years of age to observe and to discriminate. And they wrote upon this unique tomb his motto—his glorious battle-cry let me call it: "Kommt laßt uns unsern Kindern leben"—"COME LET US LIVE FOR OUR CHILDREN." Amen.

WOODS OF VIRGINIA.

BY ELLA F. MORLEY.

THE characteristic scenery of Virginia is that of her woodlands. Though you do not find in these the weird and ghostly forest scenes of the far South, where the cypress and oak stand draped in long, gray mosses that hang like rent drapery around their dark boughs, nor the warm splendor of color that lights up their fields with flowers like Aladdin's fairy garden of gems; although the gloomy grandeur of the forests of fir that darken the mountain-slopes of the North, may be lacking here, you cannot walk in them a day without feeling the spell of their sylvan beauty. Your heart will unconsciously be won by this cool and quiet nature, full of freshness and repose; and the thousand fleeting and lovely changes of light and shadow, the green glimmer of the boughs overhead, the golden glow on the rugged trunks, will leave no room for further desire of effect or hue. You would feel the gorgeous coloring of the South, or the Rembrandt darkness of the far North, like a false chord in these pure green lights, so aerial in their tone, and these transparent gray shadows, so tender and so swiftly passing.

Everything is subdued in tint. The flowers have a moonlight hue—white and faintly flushed with pink—the wild rose, the honeysuckle, the kalmia or mountain laurel, the trailing arbutus, which, under a mass of half-dead leaves, brown as those of last autumn, conceals its clusters of wax-like and delicate blossoms full of subtle and delicious fragrance. Now and then there will be an exception, as in the dark purple of the wild pansies, opening their velvet petals along some neglected wood-road, or the blood-red crimson of

the Indian pink. The flower last named is, indeed, worthy of the closest artistic study, so beautifully does it grow, with a background of rich lush green grasses, or springing up out of the clefts of some cool, gray rock, its five flame-like flower-leaves standing out in exquisite clearness against the gray and the green behind it. These woods, with their long glades between the hills, down whose sloping sides the sunshine is shivered by intercepting branches into a thousand arrowy or lance-like gleams, are full of beautiful flowers and ornamental shrubs, from the fragrant, rich brown calycanthus to the pendant scarlet bur of the enonymus, the long, red cone of the wild cucumber-tree and the tulip-like flower of the poplar.

You see much of the beauty of these quiet woods in the long journey by water between Richmond and Lexington. It is, indeed, the sole charm of these "slow-trailing barges" or canal boats, that even as the sultriest, most breathless sunshine beats down on the dilapidated cabin and bare deck, you can catch glimpses of cool and sun-flecked openings into green and tranquil woods, and see gray cliffs with hanging clusters of flowers and trailing vines, and hear the swish-swash of the rope in the water, as it drags across tall reeds and water plants. Later in the evening, indeed, cool gusts of air began to blow the fragrance from the white, blooming banks into your face, and across the distant river you see a golden and crimson splendor of the sunset glittering, and and the woods and far-off vision of mountains looking aerially fair as their lovely reflection undulates in the deep waters. Even the long, doleful sound of the horn, and the ruined-looking buildings you pass, will scarcely lessen the delight of these slowly-drifting views.

It is a striking source of delight in these woodland views that you can never go beyond sight and hearing of running streams. There is a constant network of rivulets and springs all over the country. No inclosed field is without its wide-spreading tree overshadowing some cool, deep spring; no forest-walk without its "trickling of invisible brooks." If you sleep, they seem to flow and murmur through your dreams; if you lie awake in the dark, and listen, you will soon hear the distant roll of the water plunging down some steep bank. The spray and foam of these small cascades moisten the exquisite plummy and close-wrought mosses, of which you will find as many as thirty varieties in a few hundred yards, and keep alive great beds of nodding ferns. Even in winter time the hillsides will be green with these fresh banks of feathery verdure, and they overhang every curved bank, and rocks that project out into the waters and throw their green and lovely shadows upon their still surface.

But when these streams widen and deepen into large creeks, you will find that the ferns are not their only lovers. In quiet places the flags will bloom, and a hundred varieties of grasses with green burs and feathery arms will crowd together with blue and white flowering plants into the cool shallows. Over them brown and shining dragon flies, azure butterflies, long-billed water-birds, will fly and hover. By the "netted sunbeam" on

the low waters, a water-snake will roll his undulating length, and the minnows will glance swiftly from the light to shadows that lie dreaming in the darker corner of some deep pool. All is astir and afloat, and now and then a light wind ripples it suddenly with its coming, and tosses down a leaf to skim and drift over its upper waters, with the shadow leaf floating far down within it. There is such freshness and tranquil joy here that you sympathize with him who said: "In the woods is perpetual youth. In the woods a man casts off his years as a snake his slough; and, at whatever period of life, is always a child there." For childhood sleeps ever in the tender soul and needs only the look or tone of the great mother to awaken it into life.

DUMB FOSTER-MOTHERS.

BY M. O. JOHNSON.

WHAT would you think of a cow adopting lambs? Such a thing really happened, not long ago, at West Oxford, where, on a farm, were three little orphan lambs. The mother-sheep died while they were very young, far too young to feed. By way of experiment, not knowing what else to do, their owner held one of them to the cow to get its supper, and found it would nurse, and she seemed willing to let it.

The next morning, when he went out to milk, all three lambs were cuddled up beside the cow, and she was plainly quite happy with her charge. Her owner put one more lamb beside her; and she took care of the four, as if they were her own offspring. They would follow her about, and she defended them from dogs, and any animals that might harm them.

Quite as curious was the conduct of a pet cat toward a little chicken. The hen had left it, and its owner carried it into the kitchen. Pussy was there, but no one was afraid of her hurting it. A cat well fed, kindly treated and accustomed, from a little kitten, to live among hens and chickens, as a general thing, is perfectly harmless to them; she understands that there is a difference between these and her lawful prey. A kitten can be taught this without whipping or any hard treatment, except, perhaps, a few pecks, which the hen is not slow to give, if little puss chases any of her brood.

Well, soon after the little chick was left in the kitchen, it was found cuddled close to pussy's warm, furry side, with her kittens. Of course, it was fed with dough and crumbs; but pussy gave it food and blanketing, mother-care and love, till it was old enough to take care of itself, and go with the hens. It would follow pussy, run at her call as her kittens did, and sleep in the midst of them; and she seemed to love it just as she loved them.

A cat, belonging to Dr. Whiting, of Hyde Park, adopted an entire brood of chickens, which had been deserted by their mother. She watched over them with constant care, and if they seemed to be in danger, showed great alarm. When she was fed, she called her chickens, and waited till they were around her, before she could be even coaxed to eat. She would not allow any of the hens to notice them at all; seeming jealous that they might

try to entice them away from her. At night she gathered them all around her, and slept in their midst.

A dog and cat, owned in one family, were mothers at the same time. The dog had five, and the owner thought it would be a heavy tax for her to bring them all up. But they were of a valuable kind; and the lady went into the kitchen, and said to the cook: "What would you do? It seems too bad to destroy them."

"Give them to the cat," was Biddy's suggestion.

The lady thought she would try it, so she placed two of the puppies beside the cat. Pussy seemed to have no objection, but made room for them with her kittens, and began to wash their faces. The kittens and puppies grew and thrived together—mother pussy feeding, washing and playing with all alike. Strange to say, the two puppies with the cat outstripped the other three. They were larger, stronger and could run about, while their brothers could hardly more than roll.

The kittens were, after awhile, disposed of, one at a time, and pussy did not seem to mind it, but was contented with her foster-charge. But by and by, when they were old enough, they were sold or given away; and pussy wandered about the house, looking for them, day after day, till she found the remaining three with their mother. Instantly she pounced upon them, and a fierce dispute ensued. Pussy triumphed, and carried off one little dog to her own nest. But she was not satisfied. Back she came, and after another conflict, took a second. She meant to be just, however, for she claimed only two, the number she had before; and these two, that she honestly thought her own, she brought up with all motherly care and kindness.

A dog, who had lost her puppies, was known to adopt a brood of motherless ducklings. They

slept cuddled close to her shaggy side; she shared her food with them; and, as she was a water-spaniel, she would lead them to the pond, and swim about with them. The tiny ducklings and their foster-mother seemed to enjoy the bath equally; and it must have been a pretty picture.

THE LOVER.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

A LL hail, the beloved lover,
For who is so blest as he!
The wonder-world of his future
Such a vision of victory.

He walks like the man first fashioned
In a happy garden's aisles,
And scorneth the thought of sorrow,
In the light of the loved one's smiles.

Wherever a father and mother
Stand amid children fair,
We see his triumph recorded,
For once the lover was there.

And though ever so old the story,
Like some traditional rhyme,
It groweth more sweet in the reading
When read for the hundredth time.

Full soon o'er the little folk playing
Under unshadowed skies,
As sure as the hours are fleeting
Will the lover's star arise;

And, be he a prince or peasant,
With jeweled or gilded ring,
To place on the dear one's finger,
'Tis the lover out-kings the king.

The Story-Teller.

THE WISH-BONE.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAURA JAMESON DAKIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE chicken was done to a turn, and sent such an appetizing odor through the room that the boys, Ned and Joey, could hardly conceal their impatience to be served to a dainty bit. They kept their hands tightly clasped together under the edge of the table, but their feet would push about on the chair-rounds uneasily, their eyes would look anxious and hungry as the chicken sent up fresh puffs of steam, with savory smell of dressing, and their lips would twist and turn in all sorts of grimaces, in sympathy with the carving-knife that twisted and turned in all sorts of ways as it carved the plump little bird. At last their plates were supplied most abundantly, and with a sigh of satisfaction they gave their longing mouths some real work to do.

"I've got the wish-bone, Flora," said Neddie, balancing it dexterously on the end of his fork.

"But I don't care if you have it to put over the door, if you want it so bad. I don't care so very much about breaking it with a wish, 'cause it takes so long for it to dry first; besides, I never get my wish. Wished for a horse and gun last time, and haven't got 'em yet; so what's the good? Pass it to Flora, won't you, papa?"

"No, no. I don't want it. What a memory you have, Neddie Thornton!" exclaimed Flora, laughing and vexed.

"You needn't turn so red in the face, Flora," piped Joey, "for papa don't care if you put it up over his door. Do you, papa? So's she can see if Will—"

"Oh, be still, boys, do!" entreated Flora.

"Never mind the boys," said my husband, good-naturedly slipping it under the edge of her plate. "Put it up, Flo, if you want some fun. I dare say a Walla or Chinaman will come marching under it first; but I know you do not really believe anything in it any more than I do, so it will not matter who it is. As for William Hays, he is out of town, and will not be back for several

days." And then he turned the conversation, much to Flora's relief.

She was a little afraid of Mr. Thornton—afraid he would think she was foolish to have talked about trying a charm; but she need not have fretted herself about that, for well do I remember when he tied knot-grass with great soberness and anxiety once upon a time; but I suppose he has forgotten all such folly in the wisdom of his forty years, and that is why Flora stands in awe of him, and tries to check her wild spirits in his presence. Though I do believe he likes to see her full of mirth and jollity notwithstanding his own gravity.

After dinner, Flora hid the wish-bone in her napkin, hoping the children would have forgotten it; but, no indeed, they began to besiege her on every side to put it up. "Please put it up, Flora."

"But you boys will tell of it, and that would spoil the fun. I do not believe you can keep a secret."

"We won't tell," said Neddie. "We won't speak a word about it. All the kings horses and all the kings men can't draw it out of me."

"I can keep a secret, too," asserted Joey, with dignity. "Katy Fletcher told me a secret of her birthday party to-morrow, and I never told a single anybody."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Neddie. "What a boy you are, Joey Thornton."

"You are an innocent little rogue, Joey," said Flora, kissing his rosy cheek. "It is fun to trust you with a secret, you are so honest you won't tell if you know it, so I guess I'll put it up and see how careful you will be."

Then, amid much laughing and cheering from all of us, Flora mounted a chair, reached up and laid the cupid's bow—in other words, the wish-bone—over the door.

The next day we were busy all the forenoon, absorbed in the duties of washing and setting the house in order. The children were so excited at having duly received an invitation to Katy Fletcher's "birthday party," that they had quite forgotten Flora's wish-bone, and all their speculations about it, and were only anxious to be dressed as soon as dinner was over and go early to Katy's home. After they were gone, Flora concluded she would go up to Lillie Merriam's and give her another lesson in worsted flowers.

"Come home early," I called to her as she started, "because there is to be a meeting at the Hall to-night. Colonel Baker and Mr. Denham are the speakers. Mr. Denham is an old friend of Albert's, they were at college together, and I am almost as anxious to hear him as I am to hear the colonel; they are both good speakers, Albert says."

"Well, it must be a poor sort of a man who could not speak eloquently in these war times. I know I could if I were a man, or I'd go and fight. Oh, don't laugh, I would! But, as it is, I can only send my last 'bit' to the soldiers," and Flora shook her empty purse at me, while her eyes looked so earnest and lovely that I had to fly to her and kiss her glowing little face, and tell her I quite believed in her power to interest any audience.

"Colonel Baker is going East to join the army very soon, so that adds greatly to our desire to see him. Everybody is enthusiastic about his coming to-night."

"Yes indeed; I should think they would be. I will be back in time to go down with you, you may be sure."

Then Flora went her way, and I turned back into my quiet house, and sat down with a new book to read while I rested. By the way, when a woman has finished her week's washing and got a good dinner for her husband, she may consider her day's work done, and she may read or write or take a nap afterward if she please, and no man shall call her lazy. That is my proverb; but, I am sorry to say, I do not often live up to it; for many is the time that, having washed more than half the day, I have ironed till nine o'clock at night, because the clothes were just right, and it seemed so good to get them out of the way. Nevertheless, it was a wrong thing to do, because, though I took the wrinkles out of my clothes, I put ugly wrinkles into my face, and I would not wonder if I put ugly wrinkles into my heart, too; for it made me deathly tired and full of unhappy thoughts. Therefore I write my proverb, and obey it when I can.

Well, I had been reading contentedly for an hour or more, when I heard the gate click, and Albert's hearty tones in conversation with some one; and in a minute more he came through the hall, and was introducing to me his old friend John Denham. I liked the looks of the man; not that he was handsome, but he looked honest and earnest, as though he found life quite worth the living, and meant that his days should be godly and honorable.

While I was taking these mental notes of him, he began to remove his duster. "I think I will step out and shake it," said he, at the same time passing through the side door.

What would Flora say if she had seen him? I thought, and instantly resolved that she should not know it, not for a long time, at least. She would only be embarrassed when she met him if she knew he had passed through the charmed door.

"It is surprising that we have had no rain this month, so early in the spring, too," said Albert, following him out to the porch with a dust-brush in hand.

"Yes, the roads are quite dusty from Hilford's Ranch, or a little beyond."

"Seems like old times, don't it, John?" said Albert, as he administered a final sweep of the brush to his friend's coat-sleeve.

"Indeed it does; you have not changed much, old fellow, in the last eight years. Do you remember the year at Blue Stone Gulch?"

"Ah, that I do!" and they laughed cheerily.

Now that they were fairly launched on the wave of "old times," I could only sit and listen while they went through college again, took the voyage around Cape Horn, landed in San Francisco in '50, helped build several California towns, besides going through half a dozen mines. It was: "Don't you remember the time we had up on Dutch Flat?"

We didn't pan out much there—came out 'dead broke.' Then how they laughed again.

"'Twas better at Hardtack Canyon; we made a very fair show there."

"Wonder what has become of that Captain Heeley we met there? He was a rough customer, to be sure."

Several times I wanted to ask a question about these old times, but they were so absorbed in each other there was no chance for me to get in a single word, and I began to wonder why women are said to be greater talkers than men. Finally I slipped out to the kitchen to get tea ready.

After supper, the two men prepared to go out and hunt up old landmarks that they had known before the town was built. While Mr. Denham was drawing on his gloves, I managed to telegraph to Albert to come one side while I whispered: "Don't tell Flora that he has been here."

He looked at me for a second in a dazed sort of way, and then laughed: "Oh, I understand. No, I won't speak of it."

Soon after they left, the children and Flora came home, and we were both busy getting ourselves and the little ones ready for the evening, when there came a knock at the side door. I opened it, and in walked old Mrs. Severns and her son, Jefferson Davis Severns.

"How'do, Mrs. Thornton?" said Mrs. Severns. "How's all you uns this evening?"

"Good-evening, Mrs. Thornton," said Jefferson Davis Severns. "How'do, boys? You're lookin' mighty peart; I rither reckon yer goin' to the speakin' to-night."

"Yes, sir," said Neddie. "I'm goin' to take care of Cousin Flora."

"You're a right smart boy, but I reckon you're not quite large enough for that."

"Oh, yes I am—specially Joey and me together."

At this Mr. Severns laughed loudly, for he was a boisterous, good-natured Western man—from the neighborhood of Pike's Peak, I suspect. He continued to laugh and banter Neddie till his mother poked him with her parasol, saying: "You go 'long, Jeff, an' stop yer gassin'; 'pears like ye can't live 'thout dev'lin somebody."

Just then Flora came in, and Mr. Severns arose with an awkward bow to greet her, explaining his rather unseasonable call by saying that his mother and himself had come over to the lecture, and thought they would call on us till it was time for it to begin. Flora tried to smile and say something pleasant to both of them, but I could see that she was decidedly uncomfortable.

I took Beth upon my lap and began to lace her shoes, at the same time talking to Mrs. Severns about her ranch. She was descending at length upon their cows, turkeys, hens and ducks, with a minute account of the eggs she had sold and the butter she had made, when I noticed Flora rising hurriedly and saying to Mr. Severns: "I have a picture in my album which I think is Colonel Baker's likeness; perhaps you can tell me whether it is or not."

As she passed me she twitched my sleeve slyly, and I looked up just in time to catch a look in her

eyes and a turn of her head that said to me plainly enough: "O Kate, just look at those boys!"

I was a little startled, but turned carelessly in my chair, so as not to attract Mrs. Severns's attention, and sure enough "those boys" had most inopportunistly thought of the wish-bone. Joey had planted himself before the door, with his hands plunged deep in the pockets of his knickerbocker, and his eyes fixed on the tip of the wish-bone, where it lay on the narrow ledge above the door; he was breathing noisily, as though the weight of the secret was more than he could well carry. Neddie sat in his chair holding himself quite rigid, his mouth shut close, his cheeks puffed out, and his eyes glaring warningly at Joey, as though he felt that "All the king's horses and all the king's men" were after them sure enough. Before I could move, Neddie suddenly leaned forward with his hand around his mouth, and whispered: "You Joey, hush that looking up there! If you don't, that man'll guess he's come under the wi—"

"Boys, your papa will be coming up to take us to the Hall, presently, so get your hats and wait for him at the gate," said I, as calmly as I could, glad to see our visitors so engaged in listening to Flora's description of her collection of photographs that they were quite oblivious to everything else. The boys rushed away with vigorous hurrahs, and Flora settled back in her chair with a sigh of relief.

Beth being now ready, I asked my visitors if they would not like to go into the garden and get some fruit and flowers. They readily assented, but as we passed out and down the steps, I noticed that Flora lingered behind, so, while Mrs. Severns and her son were busily examining a blossoming cactus, I stepped back to look for her just in time to see her snap the wish-bone in pieces and drop it into the stove.

"This adventure is worse than your Grandsire Higgins," she whispered, as she joined me, her face flushing as red as a rose. And I laughed with more enjoyment than she could appreciate, knowing, as I did, that it was not Jefferson Davis Severns who had first passed the charm, yet I was naughty enough to still hug my secret, thinking it was not time to tell her yet.

But Flora forgot all her vexation that evening as we listened to the stirring speeches, and watched the animated faces of the orators. Indeed, though Colonel Baker fell bravely and early in the fight, I shall never forget his face as it looked that night, full of zeal, earnestness and self-sacrifice. And when the audience cheered, it was with such heartfelt applause, that we had to assert our "woman's right" and clap our hands, too.

Mr. Denham had promised Albert that he would go up home with us and occupy our guest chamber that night, so, when the meeting closed, he joined us, and, as I introduced him to my "cousin, Miss Ansille," I thought he was quite struck with her animated face, there was a glow and gladness in her eyes, as though she fully sympathised with all the sentiment she had heard that night, and only wished she could reach out into the world and help the right, if ever so little.

But the perverse child—when we were going up the street she began to ask skeptical questions concerning the South; and so they came to loiter behind us, talking very earnestly. Flora cautious and doubting, Mr. Denham energetically asserting, explaining and correcting, as though they were old friends.

When we reached home, Flora and I excused ourselves to our guest and went away to put the sleepy children to bed. Meditative and smiling, Flo unbuttoned Beth's wraps.

"Which speaker did you like best?" she questioned, confidentially.

"Well, I hardly know, they were both so interesting. But Colonel Baker's name has the most attraction for us now because he is going into the army."

"Yes, I know. Of course Mr. Denham is married, isn't he?"

"No, I do not think he is, indeed I am sure I have heard Albert say he was not."

"Then I ought not to have asked such questions; he will think I am very forward."

"I am sure he will not think so, men always like to explain things. Makes them feel their superiority, you know."

"I don't think he feels superior. Though, of course, he knows he is superior to most men, but he don't put on airs about it certainly."

When we returned to the parlor, we found Albert and Mr. Denham searching through Flora's music for war songs.

"Come, Flora, let us have the 'Battle Cry of Freedom,'" said Albert. "Mr. Denham will take the tenor, and we'll have a rousing quartette."

That song was followed by others, and I believe we sang well, for our sympathies had been stirred during the evening till we could sing with the "spirit and the understanding also."

The next morning Mr. Denham left us, promising most earnestly to visit us again sometime during the summer. I wondered if Flora would think of him two days after he had gone, but I could not tell whether she gave him a serious thought or not; as the weeks went on I thought she was a trifle more quiet than formerly, and she practised her music more thoroughly, especially some songs and marches that she received from San Francisco. But who could be sending them, she said she was sure she could not tell. Who did I think it was? I was just as sure that I could not tell.

"Could it be William Hays, or Jefferson Davis Severns?" I asked her.

"No, indeed; it is neither of them; they do not know enough to select such music. If they were to choose it would seem to be 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' or 'Dixie.'"

CHAPTER II.

I WAS opening the windows in the early morning to let in the air and sunshine, the music of bird-songs and sight of flowers and foliage.

"I like the way your windows are arranged with weights and pulleys, they slide up so easily and remain open just as much or just as little as

you please, with no fear of their falling on an unsuspecting head. I have seen no other windows in town fixed in this way," said Flora.

"And it is curious how we happened to have ours made with pulleys," answered I. "You see, when Albert began to build, he said he intended to have a more substantial house than Californians had been in the habit of building, and so we drew plans and tried to remember the conveniences of modern houses in the East. He hired a New England carpenter, after the cellar was dug and stoned on all sides in orthodox fashion, and our house progressed to our own and the master carpenter's satisfaction, until they came to the windows, then he wanted to put in pulleys, but Albert said no, common window springs were good enough, it would take more time and bother to put in pulleys."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Aubin, the carpenter. "Your windows are larger and heavier than common windows, and your common patent spring will fail some day, and down will come your window on somebody's head; your children's, most likely."

"I don't think there is the least danger," said Albert.

"Now, the house we were living in had the patent springs to the windows, and that very morning, after the men had gone to their work, Neddie, who was a little fellow just beginning to pull himself up by chairs and such things, crept along to the open window, reached up, clutched the sill, and began to struggle to his feet. Just as he had raised himself almost erect the window fell with a crash and within an inch of his fingers. I was desperately frightened for a minute, but soon found there was no harm done, only an argument raised in favor of weights and pulleys."

"At dinner-time, Mr. Aubin went back to the old subject of the windows, but without making any impression on Albert, who ridiculed the notion as much as ever. And I never said a word about what happened in the morning, for I knew he would feel a little mortified if I exposed the flaw in the springs he was advocating while the carpenter and his assistants were present, and they would be too triumphant. So I waited until they were fairly away, and then I told him of Neddie's adventure."

"If the little darling had been up two seconds sooner," I said, "his hands would have been out of the window and badly hurt; so it seems to me that it was a warning to us, happening as it did just when we were discussing the merits and demerits of window-fastenings."

"Perhaps it may have been," he answered, thoughtfully. "And I suppose I had better let Mr. Aubin have his way."

"And so he did have it, gratifying himself with the idea that it was his arguments that had conquered Albert's prejudices and brought him to reason. However, I have always liked my windows, for they are convenient as well as safe."

Now when Flora and I were talking about my windows that day, we had no thought that we should soon have greater cause to be thankful for their convenient arrangement; but so it was. As

to how it happened, I must first tell you that Mr. Thornton was at this time superintendent of the Great Mining and Irrigating Ditch Company, and while they were building the dam and flumes he had several thousand dollars in his hands that were to be used in paying off the workmen, and for lumber or other material, if wanted.

One morning he came in saying he must go to Sonora on business for the company, and wished I and the children to go with him for the ride. Flora had already promised to spend the day with a friend, and so decided not to accompany us.

When we were getting ready, my husband said: "What shall we do with the money? It is hardly safe to take it with us, as we shall be quite late getting home, and you being with me would not hinder a gentleman of the road from trying to rob me, I suppose. If I take it, they might smell it, you know."

"Oh, dear, don't joke about it, it is dreadful to think of! Can we hide it so it will be safe to leave it?"

We looked around us, but every available place seemed to be the very one where a robber would be likely to search, if one should force his way into the house during our absence.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Albert. "I will put it into my old boot here that I've just taken off. Nobody will think of looking there."

So he pushed it into the toe of his boot, and left them, one standing up and one lying down, as though he had just pulled them off and dropped them carelessly.

We fastened doors and windows, Flora taking one key that she might get in if she happened to come home first. Then away we drove right merrily, the children going almost wild with delight at sight of rabbits, squirrels and owls, pine trees and great rocks. I, too, enjoyed everything with them, and only gave the money a passing thought, and then felt sure that no robber would go near the house—they never had, and why should they?

We got our dinner in Sonora, and Mr. Thornton attended to his business, which consumed more time than he had expected, so it was rather late when we started on our return, and began to be dark when we were still miles from home. Suddenly I began to be troubled about Flora, and to hope that she would not go home; though when she had spoken of returning before us, I had felt no fear, for I had often stayed alone evenings; there were neighbors so near—just over the fence in the next garden—how could anything happen? And yet I could not help feeling worried. When we had hidden the money and imagined a search, we had imagined it happening in the day-time, when the house would be quite deserted by us; but here we were belated, and what might not take place in evening?

Now I must tell you what really befell Flora on this eventful night. The moon was full, and shone from our cloudless California sky with a brightness and clearness only equaled in Italy. She stopped at the gate a minute, thinking how gradually daylight had faded into moonlight, and then walked carelessly on toward the lonely house without a fear. She unlocked the door and passed

in, leaving it open so that the moonlight might guide her over to the windows. She crossed the room and drew up the heavy shades, turned back the window-locks, and was about to raise them so as to air the room, when she heard the bolt slide to its place in the door she had just entered.

She was a brave girl, but now she turned faint, and staggered back against the wall, for the door was closed, and beside it stood a man as shaggy and fierce as the story-books are apt to make their villains.

"Don't ye be afeared, miss, I won't hurt ye ef you jest mind what I tell you. Speak out now, and less know whar Mr. Thornton keeps his money."

"I do not know where he keeps it; I haven't the least idea," answered poor Flora, with the earnestness of truth.

"But you kin tell me the most likely places round this here house wheer they'd be apt to leave it. I've looked all over, an' can't find hide ner hair o'nt."

"Probably Mr. Thornton took it with him."

"Prob'ly not is what I say. Gentles don't take the'r money roun' with 'em now 'days; so pull down them curtains an' git a light. Don't make a noise, fur I've got somethin' 'at 'll stop it suddin'."

What could she do? Was it any use to scream for help? No, he would be sure to rush at her and choke or gag her. Should she make an appeal to his better nature? She felt that it would be useless, but yet ventured to say: "Pray do go away; I don't know that there is any money in the house. Even if there is, why will you undertake such an awful business as stealing. Oh, be sure that God see you, and that He has something honest for you to do in the world if you would only—"

"Jest stop that blarney, will ye, an' do as I say?"

At that instant they both heard the gate latch, and a firm step coming up the garden-path.

"Ef ye stir, or as much as squeak, or let on in any way thet ther's anybody here, I'll send a bullet through yer head quicker'n light'nin'!" hissed the thief, taking a step toward her.

Flora listened breathlessly as the step came up on the piazza, and then came a knock at the door. Here was help; and, oh, she could not let it go away without giving a sign of her danger. Should she try to open the door? It would take too much time; it would be prevented. But there was the large window that would fly up at a touch; and with the thought her hand was on the frame, the window flew up, and she cried out sharply: "This way, John; have your pistols ready, here is a thief."

There was a quick bound toward the window; the thief wavered an instant, but as a tall figure was leaping in, he darted for the back door and was off like a flash. There was a rush through the trees and over the garden fence, the newcomer in full chase. Flora expected every instant to hear the report of a pistol, and was half wild with terror. What was coming—what would happen next? kept running through her mind in a dazed sort of way, as she stood with every nerve

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So he pushed it into the toe of his boot, and left them, one standing up and one lying down, as though he had just pulled them off and dropped them carelessly.

We fastened doors and windows, Flora taking one key that she might get in if she happened to come home first. Then away we drove right merrily, the children going almost wild with delight at sight of rabbits, squirrels and owls, pine trees and great rocks. I, too, enjoyed everything with them, and only gave the money a passing thought, and then felt sure that no robber would go near the house—they never had, and why should they?

We got our dinner in Sonora, and Mr. Thornton attended to his business, which consumed more time than he had expected, so it was rather late when we started on our return, and began to be dark when we were still miles from home. Suddenly I began to be troubled about Flora, and to hope that she would not go home; though when she had spoken of returning before us, I had felt no fear, for I had often stayed alone evenings; there were neighbors so near—just over the fence in the next garden—how could anything happen? And yet I could not help feeling worried. When we had hidden the money and imagined a search, we had imagined it happening in the day-time, when the house would be quite deserted by us; but here we were belated, and what might not take place in evening?

Now I must tell you what really befell Flora on this eventful night. The moon was full, and shone from our cloudless California sky with a brightness and clearness only equaled in Italy. She stopped at the gate a minute, thinking how gradually daylight had faded into moonlight, and then walked carelessly on toward the lonely house without a fear. She unlocked the door and passed

in, leaving it open so that the moonlight might guide her over to the windows. She crossed the room and drew up the heavy shades, turned back the window-locks, and was about to raise them so as to air the room, when she heard the bolt slide to its place in the door she had just entered.

She was a brave girl, but now she turned faint, and staggered back against the wall, for the door was closed, and beside it stood a man as shaggy and fierce as the story-books are apt to make their villains.

"Don't ye be afeared, miss, I won't hurt ye ef you jest mind what I tell you. Speak out now, and less know whar Mr. Thornton keeps his money."

"I do not know where he keeps it; I haven't the least idea," answered poor Flora, with the earnestness of truth.

"But you kin tell me the most likely places round this here house wheer they'd be apt to leave it. I've looked all over, an' can't find hide ner hair o'nt."

"Probably Mr. Thornton took it with him."

"Prob'ly not is what I say. Gentles don't take the'r money roun' with 'em now 'days; so pull down them curtains an' git a light. Don't make a noise, fur I've got somethin' 'at 'll stop it suddin'."

What could she do? Was it any use to scream for help? No, he would be sure to rush at her and choke or gag her. Should she make an appeal to his better nature? She felt that it would be useless, but yet ventured to say: "Pray do go away; I don't know that there is any money in the house. Even if there is, why will you undertake such an awful business as stealing. Oh, be sure that God see you, and that He has something honest for you to do in the world if you would only—"

"Jest stop thet blarney, will ye, an' do as I say?"

At that instant they both heard the gate latch, and a firm step coming up the garden-path.

"Ef ye stir, or as much as squeak, or let on in any way thet ther's anybody here, I'll send a bullet through yer head quicker'n light'nin'!" hissed the thief, taking a step toward her.

Flora listened breathlessly as the step came up on the piazza, and then came a knock at the door. Here was help; and, oh, she could not let it go away without giving a sign of her danger. Should she try to open the door? It would take too much time; it would be prevented. But there was the large window that would fly up at a touch; and with the thought her hand was on the frame, the window flew up, and she cried out sharply: "This way, John; have your pistols ready, here is a thief."

There was a quick bound toward the window; the thief wavered an instant, but as a tall figure was leaping in, he darted for the back door and was off like a flash. There was a rush through the trees and over the garden fence, the newcomer in full chase. Flora expected every instant to hear the report of a pistol, and was half wild with terror. What was coming—what would happen next? kept running through her mind in a dazed sort of way, as she stood with every nerve

tense listening. Suddenly rapid footsteps came up the street—they were in the garden—on the porch—then Flora thought of the open window. Was the thief coming back? She tried to move toward it, but only gave a wild little cry and huddled back into a chair, for there was a tall, dark figure pausing by the window in the moonlight; but at that cry it sprang through, as it had once before that night, but stopped now and bent anxiously over her.

"Are you hurt, Miss Ansilie—Flora, are you hurt?"

"No, no," answered Flora, fighting with herself to keep from crying. "Not hurt, only frightened."

"Well, it is over now, and I am thankful you are not hurt. The robber is gone, but I have reported to the sheriff, and he may be taken yet."

"You are Mr. Denham," said Flora, half questioningly.

"Yes; how did you know me when I knocked at the door?"

"Oh, I didn't know; I had no idea who it was."

"But you called my name," said he, not remembering that there are a million Johns in the world.

"I spoke at random the first name that came into my mind, for I wanted that dreadful man to think I knew who was there, and that I knew you had a pistol."

"I wish I had had a pistol, then he would not have escaped so easily."

"I thought I saw one in your hand when you came through the window."

"It was only my spy-glass; I thought it likely that a thief would not stop to examine it very closely, and he did not. But what happened before I came—and where are Mr. Thornton's family?"

Then Flora told him all her adventure with the housebreaker, trying to laugh at the fright she had felt, but only succeeded in becoming almost hysterical.

"You poor child," said he, "I hope we shall not find your hair turned white in the morning," and he put out his hand and touched the dark braids gently.

"Nonsense! you know there is no danger of that, for, luckily, you came too soon to allow anything so sensational as that to follow. But I will get a light now, and we will see what the robber has really done."

"Cannot I get the lamp? you ought to keep quiet after so much excitement."

"You could not find it or the matches; I know just where to go for them."

"Come, then, I will go with you," said he, drawing her hand through his arm. "And if we can't find the matches we will—why, we will make one. Won't we?"

"I never served an apprenticeship; I should not know how. And here they are just at hand," answered Flora, striking a lucifer and touching it to the lamp-wick; the light flared up and showed her face, not pale and frightened now, but quite rosy and happy, even if it was a little shy and confused.

"What is this?" she cried, as the light spread through the room and showed on the table a bundle tied up in a red silk handkerchief. Mr. Denham unknotted it, and there lay all the silver spoons and forks belonging to the house. Flora's little specimen pin and an old-fashioned silver buckle and needle-case that used to be grandmother's, even the children's purses with their little savings were there; in fact everything of value, even to our thimbles and napkin-rings.

"He must have been into every corner of the house to collect these; but there is nothing lost, for he could not find the money, and I am thankful for that," said Flora. Just then there came the sound of wheels and voices at the gate.

"Oh, there they come! what will they say?" and Flora began to laugh and almost to cry in the same breath, of which she was quite ashamed and declared that it seemed as though she could not bear anything that night.

"Because you have borne more than enough already," said Mr. Denham. "So you must sit still in this easy chair while I go and tell them about it."

But the minute he was gone she crept away to her room, and so, when I came running in, so sorry for her terrible trial and so thankful that it was no worse, there was no Flora to be seen.

"Flora, Flora; where are you?" I cried, but getting no answer, I flew to her room, and there was the dear little maid kneeling by the door and actually crying at last with her face to the wall.

"I co-couldn't stay there," she sobbed. "I knew I should cry and ma-make a scene if I tried to tell you about it, and that is just what I am doing."

"And you may cry, you darling! how could you bear it all and be so brave," going down beside her and holding her close in my arms till she was quiet and comforted. "Mr. Denham calls you a real heroine, so now you must go to bed and rest upon that," I whispered, and then started to cross the room in order to light the bed-room lamp, but stumbled and fell into such a pile of furniture and dry goods as quite astonished me.

"Why, Flora, everything is in the middle of the floor, all tumbled in heaps by that wretched man." Then I called to Albert to bring a light; and when he came what confusion we beheld, it was even worse than I had imagined. The bed was pulled to pieces, the bureau drawers were taken out and ransacked, and articles from the closet were thrown about in the greatest disorder.

Upon seeing this, we went through the house on a tour of inspection, first to my room, and there the bed was pulled to pieces, the bureau drawers were taken out and ransacked, and articles from the closet were thrown about in the greatest disorder.

"But here are my old boots looking as innocent as you please with the treasure all safe in their shabby toes. What would have become of it if I had left it anywhere else?" said Albert, glancing around the room.

"Everything else seems to have been thoroughly searched, even your pictures have had their backs laid bare by that industrious man," said Mr. Den-

ham, who stood by the door holding my frightened and sleepy-eyed boys by the hand.

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, lifting the frames carefully, "here is my Evangeline torn right across her beautiful eyes."

"Never mind," said Albert. "Remember that Flora's eyes are safe."

"Ah, so I do," said I, thankful to see them as bright and happy as ever; for this "topsey-turvey" state of things had given Flo something to think of, and helped her to forget herself, and she was quietly restoring to their places some of the household goods before us while we talked.

But now we all marched away to the spare room to inspect its condition, and, if you will believe me, it was as much like the other rooms as possible, for the bed was pulled to pieces, the bureau drawers were taken out and ransacked, and articles from the closet were thrown about in the greatest disorder.

"If this isn't too bad," said Flora.

"Never mind," said Albert again; "I can help make up the beds; I served my time in early days, didn't I, Denham?"

Then we thought of the boys' room, and wondered if that had been spared; but, upon opening the door, there was the little bed pulled to pieces, the little drawers taken out and ransacked, and little articles from the closet were thrown about in the greatest disorder. I declare, it seemed as though a horrible Genius had been at work in the house.

However, we went to work and restored order in this room first, and put the little chaps to bed. Then we arranged the other rooms so that we could pass the night comfortably, Albert helping famously, even if he did hang up some of my dresses by the bottom of the skirt, and put my best bonnet in the stocking-box.

The next morning when I went to get the breakfast, I missed a plate of cold meat, some gingerbread, a pie, and doughnuts without number. And Albert, coming in, reported that he had found a new hoe in the garden, and a small patch of earth freshly turned up, and upon inquiry among the neighbors we learned that a man had been seen going in at our gate with a hoe on his shoulder, and they had supposed him to be some man whom Mr. Thornton had hired to work in our garden. But that was the last we heard of our thief; to be sure, the sheriff had ridden a little way out on the Stockton Road and back again, but the man he was after had probably taken to the hills and gone to parts unknown.

Mr. Denham stopped in town that day, and after dinner Flora sang for him some of those songs that had come to her so mysteriously from San Francisco. Just as they had finished their third song, in rushed Neddie.

"O Flora, here comes Jeff Davis Severns; you know he is the one that—"

"Was going to bring us some nice butter from the ranch," said I, in pity for Flora's suddenly flaming cheeks, for I knew she suspected Neddie was on the wish-bone question.

"No, no; I mean—"

"Eggs?" said I, cheerily. "To be sure he was

going to bring eggs, too, and you are to have a nice little custard. You and Beth and Joey."

"Baked in little cups?"

"Yes; now let's go and see how many he has brought."

But as I left the room, I saw that all was not right, for Flora had turned so many colors in a minute that Mr. Denham, looking gloomy and disturbed, had walked away to the window to think about it, I suppose, and Flora was playing an impromptu march. So I thought the best thing I could do would be to bring Jefferson Davis Severns into the room and let Mr. Denham judge for himself whether he had anything to fear from him. Therefore, when Mr. Severns had brought in his baskets of butter and eggs, I said: "Won't you come into the parlor a little while? Mr. Denham is here; perhaps you would like to meet him. You heard him speak last spring, you remember."

"I'm lookin' right rough this morn'n," said he, running his fingers through his hair, which was not very carefully brushed. "But I don't keer if I go in; he was a right smart un, thet Mr. Darn-ingham, and I reckon he kin tell me the state o' the San Francisco market."

By this time we were at the parlor door, and I ushered him in.

"How do you do, Mr. Severns?" said Flora, with a reproachful glance at me.

"I am right well, Miss Ansilly. How's yerself?"

Then I introduced him to our visitor, taking particular care to speak Mr. Denham's name plainly.

"How are ye, Mr. Durham?" said he, striding across the floor to shake hands. "It's right warm to-day. I reckon I seen you afore—time ye was here last spring; but 'tain't likely ye noticed me," with a jovial laugh at his own joke that set us all at ease.

"I do not remember having had the pleasure of your acquaintance, but am glad to meet you now," said Mr. Denham, cordially.

"Thank ye. I ain't much on seecesh, ef my name is Jeff Davis; though 'pears like folks take a mighty sight o' trouble to tote out my hull name now'days," with another good-natured laugh; and, hearing it, I began to think that perhaps his name and native State had not quite spoiled him, and I mentally resolved to call him nothing but Mr. Severns in future, though I could not determine whether he disliked having his whole name "toted out" or not.

"Wal, how's market prices down to 'Frisco? How's peaches, sweet potatoes, tomaterses 'n' onions? Been thinkin'er takin' down some bar'ls of projuce," he continued.

"I cannot inform you as correctly as the city papers would do. Here is yesterday's *Bulletin*, if you would like to look at it; but I think you will find that it will not pay you to send anything unless it be fine large peaches. They are supplied with vegetables nearer home."

"Yes? Wal I reckon that's so. But how's earthquakes down your way?"

"Rather shaky," answered Mr. Denham, smiling.

"Worse 'n fever 'n' ager to scare folks, ain't they? It is a good thing they're more spatterin', don't you think so?"

"If you mean less frequent than cases of ague, I agree with you."

"That's about it, sure as you're born. But I must be goin'. Call in and see us when ye come our way, Mr. Dillingham, you'd be mighty welcome, sure. Mrs. Thornton, you an' Miss Ansilly must come out an' see the old woman. She'd think the world of a visit from you uns."

We thanked him heartily and assured him we would do so at the earliest opportunity.

"He is not so disagreeable as I have always thought him to be," said Flora, after he was gone.

"Well, we have never become much acquainted with him," said I. "For, although he brings butter and vegetables once or twice a week, he has never been into the house since last spring."

Then I went out to look for Neddie, and having found the unsatisfactory child eating a raw turnip which Mr. Severns had given him, I proceeded to take him into my confidence.

"O Neddie, dear! Mr. Severns was not the first one that went under the wish-bone, so do be careful and not call out again that he was the man, Flora wouldn't like it."

"Why, I never!" cried Neddie, with a face expressive of great disgust. "I was jes' goin' to say that he was the man that said I wasn't big enough to take care of Flora down to the Hall."

"Was that it, little man? I was afraid you had forgotten that you were not to say anything about the charm."

"Course not, why I sh'd think it was most two years ago, since Flora said she had taken the old wish-bone down, 'cause there wasn't much fun in it."

I felt quite foolish to think that Flora and I had such consciences that we could not allow the children to say what they pleased without causing such a commotion. And I firmly resolved never to "aid and abet" another young lady by encouraging her to put wish-bones over my door, not I, indeed!

I noticed that shortly after Mr. Denham went away this time, Flora began to get bulky letters from San Francisco instead of music. But it was not until she had worn an engagement-ring for some months and was about to exchange it for the wedding-ring, was even dressed for the marriage ceremony, and John Denham was waiting for her in another room, that I told her who passed under the wish-bone first.

"Was it really John?" said she, blushing and smiling brightly. "Well, considering all things, I am glad you did not tell me at the time, for if you had I should not have known what to say when I met him, I should have been so conscious and embarrassed. How could I have been so foolish as to have had a bit of superstition about any such charm? for, although the coincidence may seem a little curious, I know it would all have happened just the same if I had never touched the wish-bone. So, you see, I do not believe in charms, after all."

"Neither do I, only in the charms of a good,

sensible face, neatness, pleasant conversation, a sweet voice, a cheerful temper and a good, pure life. These are charms that may be desired and cultivated by any woman; and I think John Denham will find them all in his charming little bride. So, bless thee, Flora, the minister has come, and somebody is tapping at the door."

HOW ETHEL FOUND HER WORK.

BY MAJASA.

ETHEL GARLAND was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer; the large farmhouse was commodious and pleasant; luxury, perhaps, was wanting, the definition of that term depends, in a great measure, upon the standpoint taken by the observer, but comfort surely reigned in the quiet rural home.

The family originally consisted of Ethel's parents, two brothers and two sisters older than herself, and two younger brothers.

The older brothers owned farms adjoining, and being, like their father, industrious, and with a gift for management, they were gradually increasing in wealth, and abundance of this world's goods seemed in store for them.

The girls were sent off, a winter a piece, to a large boarding-school in an adjacent town. Mr. Garland would not be behind his neighbors, many of whom were wealthy; though "readin', 'ritin', 'rithmette and jography," summed up his ideas of education in general, and a woman's in particular.

But Ethel was not content with her one term of "schoolin'" away from home; her active mind once aroused was not ready to settle down to the usual routine of farm-life; on, on she longed to go in search of the knowledge so congenial to her intellectual nature.

She pleaded so earnestly for another year's study that it was at length granted. An eager, enthusiastic student, she stood high in her classes.

The second vacation, the principal of the institution visited her home, gave such a glowing picture of her scholarship and the honors awaiting if only allowed another year and permitted to graduate, that the pride of her father was roused, and thus the third term was gained.

Ethel then returned to her country home; baked and churned, washed and scrubbed as before, to the great delight of her father, who was now fully convinced that "schoolin'" didn't spile girls."

Her mother took great delight in the simple tunes breathed forth from the little organ, and a few drawings that adorned the "front room" and "spare bed room." Her own life had been filled with toil and homely, every-day duties, and the æsthetic part of her nature now found utterance in her daughter's accomplishments.

Thus three years glided calmly away; Ethel was twenty-four, active and vigorous both in body and mind. Her physical powers easily found a field of labor—did a farmer's daughter ever lack employment? True, much of this labor was self-imposed; she cared for the chickens and turkeys so efficiently that quite a little sum of money each year was gained and expended for books and periodicals. The apples wasting in the orchard

were dried and sold, thus adding to her small income. She loved the farm, the garden and all the dumb animals around her; to her they seemed wonderfully intelligent. She fed the calves, petted the colts, and often salted and counted the drove of sheep. Choice flowers bloomed under her fostering care; even the onion beds and rows of peas and beans claimed a share of her attention. Poetry and the best authors of fiction occupied many spare hours in the summer, while the deeper mines of metaphysics and history were explored in winter.

Meanwhile, her sisters married farmers' sons, with good prospects and comfortable homes. But when Ethel refused Sam Marley, a thrifty young farmer and speculator, worth "fifty thousand dollars," the good father was much disappointed, and concluded, "If schoolin' didn't spile girls for work, it did make 'em act mighty queer. To be sure, Ethel was 'mazin' handy, and kept his 'counts jest like a boy; but only think of her sayin' 'no' to such a nice man as Sam Marley, worth fifty thousand!"

The mother replied by saying: "Ethel never was like the rest of the children."

Ethel was not satisfied with her prospects, yet she could not be reconciled to the idea of uniting herself to a man whose heart was so bound up in broad acres and fine cattle.

Her life at home was easy and comfortable; what more did she want? She enjoyed her work and books, music and pets; what else could she ask?

Ah, many a thoughtful girl in a pleasant home can understand the question. Petted, indulged young ladies, willing to have papa spend hard earnings and mamma wait on them, might reply, if the truth were really known, "More fine dresses, beaux and parties, and by and by an elegant establishment of one's own."

But these things were not the daily desires of Ethel's heart. If just the "right one" had presented himself, she might perhaps have married, but this was not the beginning and end of life with her.

Dimly conscious of "reserved power," she ardently longed for something to do worth the doing in this busy, practical, wide-awake world of ours. She was not needed at home. Amid the work, and want, and sorrow of life, surely some place demanded labor such as she was able to perform. She went through her daily round of self-imposed tasks, but they grew more and more monotonous, while the question, "What is it all when all is done?" would keep coming back, unbidden and unwelcome, as it often was.

Oh, if she might only share in the toil and triumph of those whose lives were a blessing to mankind!

At length she mustered courage enough to ask her parents if they had any objection to her teaching school. Not that she felt herself possessed of a peculiar fitness for such a position, but she had often envied some independent "schoolma'am" friends who seemed very happy in their work. And then she did not see any way open for her except in this direction.

Her mother thought it quite right for Ethel "to use her education." The father took out his pocket-book and asked "if she wanted money."

Right here, too, was a tender point with our heroine; because she "was nothing but a girl," was that sufficient reason why she might never enjoy the longed-for privilege of earning an independent income, and using it just exactly as she chose? To be sure her father was generous, and gave her all he thought she needed; but she was now of an age when it would be deemed a disgrace for her brothers thus to live off of the paternal estate. Why should she not also support herself?

So Ethel's steps were bent one bright spring morning to the little brown school-house on the hill, with the earnest hope that her problem might be solved within its walls.

Earnestly did she toil through the summer. Her school was pronounced a success by the directors as they offered her the position for the winter. But to herself she confessed, as she placed her little bell on the mantle-piece in her room, that it had rung for her as teacher for the last time. The confinement of the school-room was irksome to her, the children's noise grated on her ear, and the oft-repeated lessons haunted her dreams. The trouble was, the labor was not to her a work of love. Coleridge declares, "Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward."

Now Ethel believed it possible to find a large degree of reward in the work itself, entirely apart from pecuniary recompense, fame or position. She could not bring herself to say, as a certain lady, when asked if she liked teaching, "Yes—the results."

Then she returned to the old life on the farm more dissatisfied than ever. She asked her pastor's advice; he told her to be satisfied with the position in which Providence had placed her; but she could not help feeling that her way was hedged up by the false ideas of woman's work rather than by Providence.

Her parents, astonished by her perplexities, feared "something was wrong with her mind," and sent her on a visit to a relative up the river, hoping "a change would drive away her fancies."

In a few weeks a terrible disease broke out in the neighborhood; her aunt was suddenly stricken down. Ethel had never seen sickness only in a mild form, and was entirely inexperienced as a nurse.

The violent attack almost paralyzed the family with fright; no one seemed calm enough to carry out the physician's orders, while the sick woman raved and tossed in excruciating pain or wild delirium.

Ethel, though trembling in every nerve—for death seemed near, and she had never looked upon its awful face—by a strong effort of a determined will forced herself at length to calmness, and received the doctor's directions. She took charge of the remedies, and was the ruling spirit in that chamber of terrible suffering. Soon she became deeply interested in watching the course of the disease—a malignant fever of a type almost unknown in that region—and as the physician

explained the effects intended to be produced by the medicines, she carefully noted their effect.

Day and night she kept watch, only relieved for a few hours at a time; and thus the weary weeks went on until life triumphed over death. The grateful circle of relatives gathered around her, declaring that her care had been the chief means of recovery. How happy and thankful she felt; once in her life she had been useful.

The fearful disease spread rapidly. Ethel went to other stricken homes, watched with the sick and dying, and tenderly arrayed the dead for the last resting.

She was astonished at herself; she found her brain clear, her hand steady in trying hours. The gray-haired physician, whose instructions she so carefully obeyed and treasured up, told her she ought to study medicine—it was woman's work, and her experience in those awful weeks ought to prove to her her fitness for this mission.

Ethel's heart echoed his words, joyfully she said to herself: "The way is opened to me at last; I may yet live for some purpose."

The scourge of death passed by, and then she felt her strength failing; in her eagerness and zeal she had gone beyond the powers of physical endurance, and paid the penalty in long weeks of sickness and suffering.

But her determination faltered not; if God spared her life she would consecrate it to Him in labors for poor suffering humanity.

She was spared, and as strength came slowly, she felt that the hours of pain and weakness were not lost—they were a part of the discipline for the work before her.

We need not follow Ethel back to her home, and listen to the remonstrances of wondering and even indignant friends. Nor need we narrate the history of years of difficulty and trial, as she went on nobly in her chosen profession. Many brave women are now treading this rugged path, and they will find at length, as Ethel did, an open field, a wide-extended work with great reward.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

MEN like Deacon Strong are hard to kill. Their tenacity of life is very great. Your iron-willed, earnest, aggressive men have large vitality, and hold their own in a life or death struggle better than most people. The deacon's time had not yet come. There was a chance for him to grow better, and to do better work in the world than he had yet done; and the opportunity was reserved. So his will and vitality stood him in good service.

But the accident was a terrible one, and left him maimed for life. The crushed arm had to be taken off; and the broken bones of his legs—one of the joints was badly injured—could not be so re-ad-

justed as to make walking easy. Besides, a serious inner hurt, the nature of which the surgeons were not able to determine, had been sustained; and recovery was very slow in consequence, running on through many months, during which he was confined to his chamber.

The first impression made on the deacon's mind by this calamity was a little curious. He felt like accusing God with having dealt by him falsely. Why should he be so stricken down, bruised and mangled, and not one of the "godless" creatures in his mill receive the smallest injury? Was he not one of the faithful? Had he not always been true as steel to the doctrines and ordinances of his church, ever ready to do battle for them and to give of his substance for their support, thus honoring the God he worshipped? He was shocked and almost indignant at such a return for his loyal service. Had not the righteous children of God the promise of protection and prosperity? Was He not to give His angels charge concerning them; and were not these heavenly guardians to bear them up in their hands lest at any time their feet should be dashed against the stones?

The mind of Deacon Strong fell into great darkness and confusion. Among those who came earliest to his bedside, after the first intense sufferings were over, and the surgeons had done for him all they could, was his minister, the Rev. Silas Deering. The surgeons interdicted any conversation, but could not forbid prayer. So the minister knelt down and prayed for this stricken member of his flock, so wording his petition as to flatter the religious vanity of the deacon, and present him before God as one of His saints on whom a dark and mysterious calamity had fallen; half suggesting at the same time that there might have been some mistake—the bolt of anger which had stricken down this faithful soul, being really intended for another. Rising out of this thought, he prayed with an intense fervor that lifted his voice into the higher tones of petition, asking God to restore, as by a miracle, the shattered frame of His devoted follower; or to send upon him, His humble servant, the gift of healing, that, like the apostles of old, he might touch this hurt and mangled body and make it whole.

But no such miracle was wrought, and no such power given; and both the minister and his faithful church-member felt a dash of disappointment as the fine enthusiasm of the moment died out and the maimed and helpless sufferer felt no influx of health and strength thrilling along his half-palsied nerves and muscles.

The visit of Parson Deering and the help and comfort he had sought to impart through prayer, were not effective in bringing the mind of Deacon Strong into a state of submission to the will of God. What had he done that so frightful a dispensation should fall upon his head? Why had God permitted this awful thing to happen? But in the weakness of the flesh his spirit broke. In his effort to look heavenward, even though the bigot and the Pharisee were active within him, he opened the door for another influence to come in. Self-accusation began to whisper in his heart. The image of Deborah Norman arose before him, and

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with her presence in his thought came, like a shock to his weak and breaking spirit, the charges she had brought against him. The convictions he had crushed down and trampled upon only a few hours before, were all restored to life again, and he felt himself in the avenging hand of an angry God, helpless, weak and in despair! Now came to his inner ears, as he lay crouching in bed, scarcely able to move hand or foot, the startling accusation, "As much as ye did it *not* unto the least of these, ye did it *not* unto me!"

The very life seemed to go out of the deacon. He felt himself under the curse of an angry and vindictive God, the spirit of whose divine precepts he had trampled under foot. Death seemed very near. He might be raised from this bed of suffering; or it might be only the gate of death through which his soul must pass naked to its Judge. He tried in imagination to lift his eyes to the face of this Judge; to speak to Him of his faithfulness and devotion as a Christian believer; but even as he did so he saw an angry frown, and heard a stern voice saying: "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then I will profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me ye workers of iniquity."

Down into the valley of humiliation and despair passed the soul of Deacon Strong. He seemed to be in the midst of a company of accusing spirits, who took delight in exploring his memory, and bringing out of it and into view every act of his life that was not in accord with the teachings of our Saviour. How many there were! What had been the essence of his Christianity? Faith in doctrine, and faith only! On that, and the righteousness that came by faith, had he rested all his hopes. The love that adjoined itself to that faith had, with him, been only self-love. Of the higher faith, that comes through obedience to the law of love, he knew nothing. It was so much easier for him to believe and be saved than to work out his salvation before God in the way of self-denial and charity.

It all grew plainer to him as he lay there broken in body and weak of heart. He began to see in a purer spiritual atmosphere; and there came to him a perception, dim at first, but growing gradually clearer, that God looked closer into men's actions and deeper into their hearts than he had supposed, and regarded them more from quality than from profession. That what a man really was, gave him higher favor with God than any church membership or soundness of doctrine. That worship was only a form of expressing religious faith and feeling, but without acceptance with God, unless the heart were filled with charity toward the neighbor. He gained no comfort from this. In just so far as it took hold of his convictions, it covered him with fear and dismay.

Of all the past that came back to the deacon, his thoughts dwelt with most comfort on the concessions he had made to his poor work-people on the previous Saturday. Singularly enough, and in the face of his belief that works of merit on a man's

part were offensive to God, and brought him into greater condemnation, he began to rest on this one good act, and to trust in it for some degree of divine favor. To feel that, so far as it went, it would entitle him to a "Well done good and faithful servant."

It was under the influence of this feeling that he said to Mr. Trueford, on the morning of the day after the accident, speaking in a weak whisper: "Maybe the new rule is best; and you may keep to it until I get out again."

"It will be best for all, as you will see in the end," replied the overseer, in a voice so kind and tender and full of interest, that the deacon's heart was touched.

"I must trust you now in everything, Mr. Trueford," he said, looking up at him in a helpless, appealing way.

"I will manage your business as faithfully as if it were my own," returned Mr. Trueford.

"I believe it," said the deacon. Then, after he had been silent a little while, lying with his eyes closed, he added: "I wish you would see Mrs. Jenks, and talk to her about her girls. They're not strong enough to work in the mill—at least not strong enough for what they've been doing. If you can find anything easier at which they can make their wages, I'd like you to do so."

"I was thinking about the poor girls as I came over," answered Mr. Trueford, "and I'm glad you've spoken about them. If you'll leave it all to me, I'll fix things so that they can go on working at the mill and not be driven beyond their strength, as heretofore. There is some light piece-work that I can give them, and they will be able to earn as much as they get now, and not be taxed half so hard."

"Oh, thank you!" spoke out the deacon, in a grateful voice, as if he had been the recipient of a favor.

"And you may trust me," said the overseer, "to keep your interests carefully in view. There are many ways in which a case like that of the Jenks girls can be met without loss to business; and often with a real gain."

"Maybe there are," replied the deacon, in a feeble way. "I don't know; but I leave it all to you. I'm too weak to think about it. But I'm glad you can make it easier for the girls."

Gradually, and in spite of his minister's efforts to disabuse his mind of that dark impression, the conviction grew stronger and stronger with the deacon that he had fallen under the displeasure of God, who had sent this hurt upon him in anger, and as a judgement. His eyes had become opened to the real character of his life in the world, and he saw how utterly at variance it was with the teachings and practice of our blessed Lord. It was for this reason he now believed that he had fallen into disfavor with God, who had laid His hand heavily upon him. How to appease the divine wrath and turn away the almighty vengeance, became an all-absorbing thought. The God of his imagination was a jealous God, who had created man not that He might have something to love and bless, but to show forth His power and glory. He was a God easily offended, exacting and in-

exorable. His laws were arbitrary enactments; the mere expression of His will; made to secure His own glory.

The deacon had felt safe and confident a little while before, because, under the full belief that he had accepted the legal provisions set forth in the great charter of man's redemption and salvation, and so become reconciled.

But now all the foundations of his religious confidence were moving beneath him. It had become as clear to him as noonday that mere faith in the doctrines of a church could give a man no acceptance with God; and that, as his faith had never come down to the level of humanity, it was only a dead faith, and of no value in the sight of Heaven. He was, therefore, still under the divine displeasure. Christ had died for him in vain. He was a child of hell, and the curse of Adam still lay heavy upon him.

A great darkness came into his soul. He could not look up with the serene and self-satisfied confidence of old, and say to God, "There stands my Redeemer and Saviour. He has borne my sins and made full atonement for all my transgressions. In His blood I have washed by faith and am clean. Through Him I have forgiveness and reconciliation. I am Thy child, the brother of Thy own dear Son! Thanks be to God for this great salvation!"

No; the deacon could not say this now. His faith had dissolved and passed away, leaving him in fear and darkness, and under a paralyzing sense of the divine wrath and indignation. It was all in vain that Mr. Deering, and many brethren in the church, talked and prayed with him, and besought God to let the light of His countenance shine again upon the heart of His doubting servant, to strengthen his faith and give him once more the blessed liberty of the Gospel. The old confidence and peace would not come back.

And now there came a conflict in his mind between the value of faith and the value of works as a means of placating God; for Deacon Strong had no higher idea of God than of a being who was to be placated. Of the new birth he had no true conception. That a man must be born again before he could enter into the kingdom of Heaven, he knew, because the Bible said so, and the church affirmed the doctrine. But just what the new birth was he did not know. All who accepted Christ and believed in Him, were washed in His blood and made pure and clean; became new creatures; were in some way born again. This had once been very clear to him, and he had felt as sure of his own new birth as of any well-known fact in nature.

But of that implantation in the mind of spiritual truths from the Word as seed in good ground; of their germination, growth, blossoming and fruit-bearing in the life, he understood nothing. And now, in his fear and dark gropings about for the way in which he might get favor with God, he had no thought of an inner change, but of something to be done in his outer life. It was not faith, now, in any great plan of salvation, but good deeds among his fellow-men, by which he was to be saved. He must walk more closely in

the footsteps of Christ, and make Him his great exemplar.

As Parson Deering, who visited him daily, saw the direction in which the mind of Deacon Strong was drifting, he warned him faithfully and prayed with him earnestly.

"God is not mocked in this way, my brother," he said, with deep solemnity of manner. "It is not the road to peace and safety. You must go to Him in faith, pleading the merits of His Son, and He will give you back your lost peace and confidence. All this is a temptation of the enemy; a dark delusion of Satan. Reject him! Think no more of works as a means of restoring your lost confidence. But lift your soul on the wings of prayer—cast yourself upon God—rest in His promises—let your faith be strong; and light, and joy will come into your soul. The old, sweet peace will flood all your life, and this sick chamber will be to you as the house of God and the gate of Heaven!"

It was but a little way upward that the deacon could ever be lifted by such exhortations and incitements; and the wings of his faith soon grew weary and let him fall back again into the valley of doubt and fear. If he were ever to get out of this valley it must be by climbing up the rugged sides; not by flying through the air. Of this he had a solemn conviction. And so his thought turned from doctrines and theories of salvation and found something more stable to rest upon in considering the ways and means by which he might do good, and so win back the acceptance he had lost. He would offer up, on this altar of sacrifice, his most precious things, and make them a sweet savor unto the Lord. He would deny his love of self and love of gain, and share his money with the poor. He would be more considerate toward his overworked and underpaid people. He would see that the wretched hovels in which many of them lived were put in better order and made more comfortable. He would cease from being a partner in sin, and from sharing in the gains of iniquity.

It was a low state, and full of selfishness; but a better and more hopeful one than that from which he was rising; for to do good is better than to do evil, even though the prompting motive be fear, self-interest or any other form of self-love. Its danger to the soul lies in its confirmation. A man cannot earn the right to enter Heaven by doing good. He enters Heaven only through the door of his affections; not by the door of his deeds. But he gains his heavenly affections by denying the selfish ones that are perpetually seeking to lead him to hate and wrong his neighbor—denying and repressing them because they are evil in the sight of God. In this sincere denial and repression of self, the love of heavenly things is born; and man begins to enter Heaven. As the love of doing good—for this is the true heavenly love—grows stronger and stronger, a man thinks less and less about the merit of his works and his acceptability on their account; for he knows that God does not regard him for anything that he may do, but only from the character of the affection from which he acts. If the affection be good—that is, unselfish—

then his act is good in the sight of God; but if the affection be mean, or selfish, or tainted with hope of reward, then it goes for nothing.

With what marvellous force and terseness of expression did St. Paul announce this truth nearly two thousand years ago; and ever since his voice has been heard along the ages, repeating the golden sentences. But how few have believed them? "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. * * * And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

A man cannot be in love or charity without doing the works of charity; for love is an undying force that always impels to action. And so the soul that is filled with heavenly love will express this love in useful and beneficent deeds. By their fruits ye shall know them.

The spiritual culture of Deacon Strong was not advanced enough for him to comprehend with any degree of clearness the truth of all this. If, through contact with another and purer mind, he were lifted occasionally into more elevated regions of thought, where glimpses of higher truths than had yet come to his dull sense were given, he soon fell back again into the obscurity from which he had been lifted. To love good, or to love to do good, was to him a thing impossible. He loved only himself; and to love to do good, which was a voluntary denial of self, and the doing of glad service to others, was something beyond his conception. He could make a sacrifice of his good things for the sake of others; not that others might be benefited, for in his heart he cared for only himself, but in order to gain favor with God and turn away his anger.

Deacon Strong, in his new state of mind, saw no hope of getting back his old peace and confidence through simple prayer and faith. If he looked up and prayed, as he sometimes did under the pressure of doubts that drove him almost to the verge of despair, the heavens seemed as brass to his cries. He saw only an angry God, and a stern voice seemed to cry down to him, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me." What was left for him now but to do something unto the "least of these?" To earn the right of approval in the Judgment Day by feeding the poor, and clothing the naked, and

doing whatever else might be required of him. The task looked hard and dreary, for there was no love in it; but how else was he to escape the wrath of God and the torments of hell?

CHAPTER XVII.

KEDRON was in great excitement over the accident which had come so near sending Deacon Strong into another world. Many stories were afloat in regard to the accident, and various were the comments made thereon. With some it was a dark and mysterious providence; with others a direct judgment of God. The deacon had his friends and his enemies; and the case took its light or shadow from the estimate in which he was held.

If this accident had stood alone as an element of excitement in Kedron, that excitement would have died out quickly; but such was not the case. Deborah's invasion of some of the drinking-saloons, the closing of Sandy Spieler's bar, and the Sunday fight at Harry Conlan's, growing out of one of the young woman's visits, were incidents of too much novelty and significance not to produce a disturbing effect on the public mind. Any number of stories, as we have said, were floating about; some true and some greatly exaggerated. Peter Maxwell, the agent of Deacon Strong, had related with his own gloss and feeling what passed before his eyes, and what he had heard with his ears, on the occasion of Deborah's first visit to the deacon. Spangler, Victor Howe, Gilbert, and others who were present when Deborah made her call upon Sandy Spieler, had told over and over again the incidents of the occasion, until all the town was familiar with them. That Spieler should have been led to close his bar and abandon his calling, was a matter of surprise to all; and one of the good results, seen in the reformation of Gilbert, was spoken of and commented upon, though few had any confidence in the permanency of his reform.

The noticeable thing was a disposition to make of Deborah a central figure. Now that she had drawn upon herself the public gaze, it was remarkable how many incidents of her quiet life in Kedron were brought forward, and such a charm and mystery thrown about the maiden as to lift her above the common ideal. Who was she? and where did she come from? were questions passing from one to another; but in no case finding a satisfactory answer.

Few, it was observed, ventured to speak of her lightly; and if any did so, even in a bar-room or among coarse fellows, some one had a quick, strong word in her favor, which usually found a hearty response.

Days passed, and in all that time no one had seen Deborah on the street. Queries began to be made; and then it became known that, since the accident to Deacon Strong, she had not been well enough to leave her room, though nothing serious was alleged. But soon rumors of a dangerous illness began to circulate, and public feeling took the alarm, showing how strong public interest had become in the stranger-maiden, whose life

and work in Kedron stood out, so far as known, in marked and rebuking contrast to that of some of its best and most prominent citizens.

The causes of this illness, as explained by Mrs. Conrad, who also became an object of interest, were overwork among the poor and the nervous exhaustion growing out of this overwork. She had heard, though not from Deborah, of the fight in Conlan's saloon, and was shocked and scandalized at the incident—not hesitating to condemn, in her peculiar phrase, the folly and madness of the gentle girl whom she had learned to love with almost a mother's tenderness. To her surprise, instead of finding everybody on her side, not a few, and among them people for whose judgment she had great respect, spoke approvingly of what Deborah had done; and referred to the good results which had followed—especially in the closing of Spieler's saloon.

"But, sakes alive!" returned the old lady, warmly, in answer to one of these apologists for Deborah; "what does all that amount to? Shutting up Spieler's saloon doesn't stop the curse of rum-selling in Kedron. It's just as easy to get liquor now as it was before Spieler went out of the miserable business."

"But, maybe, it will not be as easy in six months to come," was replied; "and all because of Deborah's good work."

"Good work!" ejaculated Mrs. Conrad, with ill-concealed impatience. "You see what this kind of good work has brought on the poor child. If I had known anything about it, I'd have locked her in her room, and kept her there until she promised to act like a sensible woman!"

Mrs. Conrad was inclined to flourish a little sometimes.

"I heard this morning," said the other, "that Deacon Strong has ordered his agent, Peter Maxwell, to close Conlan's saloon as soon as the lease expires; and that he has given the same order in regard to three other properties in which liquor is sold. So much for Deborah's work."

"So much for God's judgment!" replied Mrs. Conrad, with a snap in her voice. "Deborah has no more to do with it than you or I."

"Peter Maxwell holds a different opinion," was answered. "He says that Deborah came down upon the deacon, one day last week, about the sin of letting his houses to rum-sellers, in a way that scared him, and that ever since he hasn't seemed like himself. He says that she prayed with him in his office, and talked to him in a way that seemed to make the deacon's hair stand on end."

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Conrad, lifting her hands and looking the picture of astonishment. "That beats me out! Prayed with the deacon? And scared him? Sakes alive! Just to think of her tackling on to the deacon! What won't the girl do next! Dear, dear! And Peter Maxwell saw and heard it all?"

"So he says."

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated the old lady, her mind growing more confused over this revelation.

"What Deborah has already done," said her visitor, "is destined, some believe, to effect a great reformation in Kedron; and the work will not

cease, though her hands may never put forth their strength again. You may not know it, but all the town is alive with stories of her pure and gentle life; of her ministries among the sick; and, more recently, of her feeble attempts to stop, at its very source, the flood of intemperance that is sweeping hundreds of our young men to ruin. She went, all alone, moved by God's Spirit, as she believed, and lifted a voice of appeal and warning; and her cry has not been in vain. The sound of it will not soon die in Kedron."

"I don't know about all that," replied Mrs. Conrad. "Good may grow out of evil sometimes; but I don't believe in doing evil that good may come. 'Tisn't right nor safe."

"But one would hardly call rebuking sin and warning sinners, doing evil work," said the other.

"It depends altogether on how you do it," answered Mrs. Conrad. "There's a right way and a wrong way for everything. Look at our poor Deborah! Do you think she'd be lying up-stairs, as weak as a baby, and with an inward fever burning out her life, if she'd kept to the right way of doing things? No, ma'am! She's just gone and killed herself; and you needn't tell me that she's done right. If you want to break stone you must use iron hammers, and not wooden mallets or soft fists; and if you want to shut up rum-shops, you must set strong men to the work, and not puny girls! Praying in whisky-saloons! Faugh! I've no patience with such things!"

"You think Deborah seriously ill?"

"Of course I do. The doctor don't seem to make out what ails her. She lies just as still, all the while, as if she were asleep; and I can't get her to eat a thing—just sips a little tea now and then. Poor child! I'm dreadful anxious about her."

This was nearly a week after the accident to Deacon Strong. If Deborah had not fallen sick, her influence in Kedron would have been limited. She might have gone on with her ministrations among the poor, and continued to lift her voice in testimony against evildoers; and her work would have borne good fruit, though the harvest might not have been large, yet precious as are all such harvests. But the fact of her having been stricken down with a sudden and seemingly mysterious illness, and at a time when all eyes happened to be drawn upon her, made the fair young girl an object of especial interest; the more so, as it was alleged that her illness grew out of excitement and exhaustion, and was the consequence of over-effort in trying to do good and to break the power of a great and destructive evil. Men began to think, and talk, and grow serious over the state of things in Kedron, over the poverty, and crime, and suffering against which Deborah had sought to contend single-handed, and with such marvellous results, if a tithe reported by common rumor were to be believed. If from the efforts of a single young woman—a stranger in Kedron—so much good were done, what might not be hoped for, if all true men and women in the community were to unite and do their best for the suppression of things wrong and hurtful; for the help of those

who needed help; for the protection of the weak and the encouragement of virtue?

These were sober questions, and as men and women pondered them they grew in earnest. To think and feel earnestly on any subject is soon followed by some kind of action. And so it was in Kedron. Social wrongs and abuses which had been tolerated for years, until they ceased to attract attention, and were regarded as existing by necessity, or in the very nature of things, now demanded consideration. Christian men and women began to think and talk about the degree of responsibility that attached to every individual in a community. Well-to-do people, who were easy and comfortable, did not feel quite so easy and comfortable as before, now that the wretched condition in which so many were living came more distinctly to their notice. The men who had in charge the government and well-being of the town, and who had gain or distinction therefrom, began to look about them, and to see many things that ought to be changed for the better. Individuals who had long been free to manage their affairs wholly in their own interests, regardless of who might be annoyed, oppressed or injured, felt the eyes of their neighbors turning upon them, and became conscious of a growing sentiment of interference—or, as some expressed it, "meddlesomeness." Many things long tolerated were discovered to be nuisances; and some things sanctioned and upheld by law were openly denounced as evils that ought to be removed.

There was, in fact, a ferment in the public mind that went on increasing from day to day, until from thinking and talking people began to act. Deborah, well and active, going about among the sick and poor, or breaking away from her quiet sphere under some sudden pressure of feeling, that she might raise her voice in testimony against the wrongs that lifted their hideous forms in her path of duty, would have continued to be an agent of great good; but Deborah, stricken down in her work, and idealized in the minds of the people—transformed from a woman into an angel of mercy, whose true character they had not known until now—became a power in Kedron that made itself felt everywhere, and stirred all hearts not wholly dead to the claims of justice and mercy. Men and women indifferent to the common good before, were shamed or stimulated by the recital of her unobtrusive deeds, that often gained a hue of romance in the ardor of relation.

There had been an angel in Kedron, and the people knew it not; but now that she was discovered, and the paths along which her feet had walked were revealed by the shining of her footsteps, surprise and admiration knew no bounds. A feeling of reverence took possession of almost every one; and this grew stronger, blending itself with a sentiment akin to pity and tenderness, as curiosity about her antecedent life obtained little information beyond the incident of her lover's visit, in regard to the meaning of which nothing was known beyond the vague guesses of Mrs. Conrad, who was as likely to be wrong as right. The fact of this visit from a handsome stranger, whom many remembered to have seen at the

hotel, and who had acted, as some now said, in a singular manner, gave for Deborah a new interest in the minds of many.

Throw a mystery about any one, and you make him an object of unusual consideration, and the subject of a thousand vague stories. Every one will have a guess or a theory to explain this or that; and it is remarkable how positive and circumstantial some of the relations will be, and on what apparently good authority the wildest statements will be made. That there should be a lover in Deborah's case was the most natural thing in the world; and every one was ready to believe that disappointed love was at the core of the mystery of her life. She was a nun, hiding herself and her heart-burdens away from the world, and her cloister was the home of the poor and suffering. The lover had found her place of retirement and seclusion. He had knocked at her cloister, but she had refused to open the door.

Think of Deborah as they would, in all aspects she was now an object of deep interest to the people. She had dropped in among them a year before, coming without observation, and her life for the most part of that time had been so unobtrusive that few but the poor in out-of-the-way places took more than a passing note of her presence.

Mrs. Conrad was as much at fault in regard to Deborah's previous life and history as any one else. About a year before this time of which we are writing, as she sat one evening at her lonely meal, a hesitating knock came upon her door. Opening it, this young girl stood before her in a light gray travelling-dress. She had a small satchel in her hand. There was a half-frightened look in her eyes as she stepped inside.

"Is this Mrs. Conrad?" she asked, a tremor in her voice, which had something in its tone that went right down to the good old lady's heart.

"Yes, Mrs. Conrad is my name," she replied, a spontaneous good-will in her manner. "Come right in."

And with an impulse of kindness and protection, she took hold of the stranger and drew her into the little parlor, where a lamp stood burning.

"Sakes alive, child!" she exclaimed, as the light fell clear on the face of the young girl, and she saw its paleness and distress; and saw, too, that she was trembling violently. "Sakes alive, child! Who are you? and what ails you?"

"I'm a stranger, and sick." And two small hands took fast hold upon Mrs. Conrad.

There was no opportunity for hesitation or denial, for in a moment afterward the girl, with white face and ashen lips, was lying heavily against her. She had fainted.

Lifting the slight form of the stranger as if it had been that of a baby, Mrs. Conrad bore her up to a little spare chamber and laid her on the snow-white bed. Then hurrying down, she quickly returned with a lamp, some cold water and vinegar, and went vigorously to work in efforts to restore the fainting girl. Success soon crowned these efforts; and in less than twenty minutes, with all the mother-love which had been shut up in her solitary heart for years stirring from its long sleep, Mrs. Conrad sat bending over the sweet

young face of Deborah Norman and looking into her soft, brown eyes that were full of mystery and tender sadness.

"Who are you, child?" she had asked again, as at first.

"A stranger—tired, and sick, and homeless," answered Deborah. Her lips trembled; tears filled her eyes.

"What is your name?"

"Deborah Norman."

"Where do you live?"

"Here," returned the girl. Then noticing the shadow and questioning doubt that came into Mrs. Conrad's face, she added; "God gives us our lives by moments at a time. I am living *here* now. Where I am to live to-morrow, or next day, or next year, He only knows. I shall trust Him, and try to be content."

For an instant Deborah seemed like one lifted up and set to a distance. Mrs. Conrad would scarcely have been more surprised at words from a statue than she was at this sentence from the weak and helpless girl, who seemed to have fallen at her feet like a broken and wind-beaten flower.

"Have you a mother?" asked Mrs. Conrad, after a long pause.

The fringe of lashes fell upon Deborah's cheeks, hiding her eyes. Her lips drew closely together, and an expression of pain flitted about them.

"I have no mother. She died when I was a baby." The answer was in a calmer voice than Mrs. Conrad had expected to hear. But the eyes of Deborah did not open.

Mrs. Conrad rose from the bedside and stood for a little while above the girl, looking upon her pale, still face. Then she bent down and kissed her. She could not help it.

There was a visible tremor of suppressed feeling on the part of Deborah, and a lifting of her arms as though she were moved to throw them about the neck of Mrs. Conrad. But she only smiled a restful smile, and looked the loving thanks that were in her heart.

"You will tell me all about yourself to-morrow," said Mrs. Conrad, after she had brought Deborah some tea.

"No," was the firm, but gently spoken answer. "My past self belongs to the past. It has been laid in the grave; and until God wills it, there can be no resurrection."

The shadow and the look of doubt crossed the face of Mrs. Conrad again.

"Why have you come to me?" she asked. "How did you know my name?"

"He that feeds the ravens does not forget His children," replied Deborah. "I was led hither."

"But how did you know my name?"

Deborah was silent for a little while, and then said: "I was going away from the past; going I knew not whither; but trusting in the Spirit to lead me aright. Too sick to continue any farther, I stopped in Kedron. Night was closing in. Alone and a stranger, I shrunk from remaining at a public house, and after getting my trunk into safe hands, started out to seek for shelter. As I passed from the door of the hotel, I met a woman and asked her if she knew of a kind-hearted person

where a sick stranger might find a temporary home; and she said, 'Go to Mrs. Conrad,' and came with me and showed me the way. And so, guided by the Spirit, I have come to thee."

Two things were a surprise to Mrs. Conrad; this strange story of being led to her by the Spirit, and the fact revealed by the little word "thee," that Deborah belonged to the people called Friends. She had her strong sectarian prejudices, and among these was a dislike for Quakers. Why she held this dislike it would have been hard for her to explain. If questioned, she would most probably have answered: "Well, I can't bear Quakers, and there's the end on it." It is very certain, that she had a style of saying and doing things not at all in harmony with the staid and proper ways of Quakers; and this may have had something to do with her feeling toward that people. Of one thing she became conscious, and that was of an increased respect for Deborah, and a removal of certain doubts and suspicions which had kept intruding themselves in spite of every effort to keep them out of her mind.

"And so you are a Friend," she said, in a changed voice, and with an expression of surprise on her face.

"Yes," was the simple answer.

There were some moments of constraint on the part of Mrs. Conrad. She did not feel the same nearness towards the girl; not the same brooding, motherly tenderness. A sense of coldness and distance came upon her. This was perceived by Deborah, who spoke, with a sweet rebuke in her voice that went to the heart of Mrs. Conrad.

"God's children have many names, but He loves and cares for them all with an equal love."

"True, child, true!" said Mrs. Conrad, softening, and bending nearer to Deborah. "But we don't always think of that. We build up walls, and set gates with sentinels in them, just as if we were enemies and not friends—the children of one great Father who, as you say, loves and cares for us all with an equal love. And I've sometimes thought," she added, after a brief pause in her speech, "that He doesn't know us by the names we call ourselves here. I once heard a great preacher tell a dream. He said that he saw Abraham looking down from the sky, and he called to him and said, 'O Abraham! are there any Baptists in Heaven?' And Abraham said 'No!' Astonished and frightened, the preacher spoke again and said, 'O Abraham! are there any Methodists in Heaven?' And again the answer came, 'No!' 'Any Episcopalians?' 'No!' 'Any Presbyterians or Congregationalists?' 'No!' It was 'No,' 'No,' 'No,' to every question about sects and denomination. Then the preacher called out, 'O Abraham! who are in Heaven?' And Abraham replied, 'They only who love the Lord Jesus Christ and abide in His words.' And I guess Abraham knew."

There was just a shade of humor in the emphasis with which Mrs. Conrad uttered the closing sentence.

"I'm a Baptist and you're a Quaker," she added, after sitting silent for a little while; "but that doesn't signify anything."

"Not if we love the Lord Jesus Christ and abide in His words," returned Deborah, taking the hand of Mrs. Conrad that lay upon the pillow near her, and touching it with her lips.

The feeling of distance and coldness which had come over Mrs. Conrad's heart melted off like a veil of snow in the sunshine, and she answered the kiss with another, laid warm on the young girl's lips.

Later, and when Mrs. Conrad was about leaving Deborah for the night, the latter said, with something like hunger in her voice: "Won't thee read a chapter for me before thee goes? It will do me good."

"Sure, child." And Mrs. Conrad looked to shelf and table; but there was no Bible in the little chamber.

She was leaving for her own room to get one, when Deborah said: "Open my satchel. Thee'll find a Bible there."

Mrs. Conrad took from the satchel a small pocket Bible, and turning to the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, read:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore."

As she closed the volume and looked over to the stranger, she saw that her eyes were shut, and that an expression of rest and peace was on her pale countenance.

"Thank thee. It has done me good," said Deborah, as her eyes unclosed, and she lifted them to the face of Mrs. Conrad, who touched her lips again, saying a soft "Good-night," and going out, so blinded by tears that she scarcely saw the way.

(To be continued.)

"UNTO ONE OF THESE."

BY M. T. ADKINS.

"TOM!"

It was a weak, querulous voice that came through the open door of the humble kitchen out into the grassy yard, where a boy was playing under an apple-tree.

"Tom!"

The voice was a note higher, but weak and querulous still.

"Tom, please come here!"

"Yes, I'm comin'."

The boy dropped his playthings, and went through the kitchen, on into the further room, whence the voice had called.

"What do you want?"

"Won't you please run over to Mrs. Hope's for me and ask her to loan me some more magazines? I'm so tired of lying here with nothing to do,

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nothing to read, and nobody to talk to me, when you and Mary are out."

"Yes, I'll go," said Tom.

"And, Tom, please take back these magazines, and tell her I am much obliged to her for loaning them to me."

"Well?"

"And, Tom, please don't stay long."

"All right," and the boy caught up his hat and was gone.

It was a humble room, small and poorly furnished. Its only occupant was an invalid, a youth of some fifteen or sixteen years.

"Oh, I am so tired of lying here!" quavered the weak voice again. "I hope Tom will hurry back and bring me something to read."

But Tom came back empty-handed.

"What did she say?" eagerly asked the invalid as the boy came into the room.

"She said she could not lend you any more now; she hadn't read them herself."

It was pitiful to see the poor youth's face as the boy said this. For a moment he said nothing, only turned his face to the wall, while the tears of disappointment stole over his poor thin cheeks.

It was only such a little thing, you will think; but remember that the poor fellow had been lying there for long, weary weeks, stricken down by a slow, lingering fever. It had come on in the early spring days, when the blue-birds and peewees were building out in the old apple-tree, and now the young birds were almost ready to fly.

For the first three or four weeks he had gone creeping around the house, each day hoping to be better to-morrow, and each day growing weaker. But now he had got so weak that he never walked farther than out into the little kitchen and back. There were only three of them—this invalid, the little brother Tom and a sister—and they were orphans. Tom and Mary, the sister, were kind and patient with the stricken one, and did their best to cheer him up; but Tom was only a child, and almost all the household cares devolving on Mary, she was unable to give that attention to her sick brother which he needed.

No wonder the poor fellow turned his face to the wall and wept.

"Oh, it is so hard to lie here day after day with nothing to read, nothing to do, and no one to talk to me but Tom and Mary! Oh, I get so tired and lonely! I wish I could get well!" and the poor fellow's tears flowed afresh.

"Mary!"

The patient girl dropped her work in the kitchen and obeyed the summons.

"What is it, brother?"

"Won't you please go down to Mrs. Moore's for me after dinner and get me something to read?"

"Yes, brother."

"Mary, I will never forgive Mrs. Hope for her treatment. She forgets how our poor father nursed her husband for six weeks, and caught his own death by it."

"Hush, brother, you must not talk so; you are getting excited, and it will make you worse."

And sitting down by his side, the patient girl

soothed and comforted him until the tears ceased to fall.

"To be sure, child," said kind, motherly Mrs. Moore, when Mary explained the object of her visit, "you shall have as many papers and magazines as you want for your brother. I am sorry he is no better. After he reads these, send Tommy down and get some more."

In addition to the goodly bundle of reading matter which Mary carried back, was a basket of choice fruit, just such as would tempt the fickle appetite.

"O Mary, did Mrs. Moore give you all of these?" and the thin hands seized the papers eagerly. There were illustrated weeklies and monthlies with their beautiful stories. They gave the poor lad another glimpse of the busy, outside world, from which he had been so long exiled. It was better than any tonic to that hungry, weary, starving mind. Yes, I have not put it too strongly. That young, active mind was actually starving for food and companionship.

Oh, could Mrs. Moore have seen the effect of her little act of kindness, she would have been amply repaid.

Nor was this all that she did for the poor little fellow. She visited him and talked with him about his illness hopefully, cheerfully; she loaned him books, and brought him fruit. And it was not long ere the Christian kindness of the lady had its effect.

The invalid soon began to rally. The weak, complaining voice grew stronger and the pale, thin cheeks grew fuller. The lingering fever lost its hold upon his feeble frame.

He had needed books and papers with which to amuse his mind; and more than these, kind, cheerful, hopeful words of sympathy and encouragement.

Oh, ye rich! in your daily walk and conversation, ever remember Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

MRS. GASTON'S "DAY."

BY MRS. SARAH HART.

MRS. GASTON was one of the cheeriest, liveliest, most hopeful little women that ever lived. But, on this particular morning, her brow was shaded by something that resembled a frown, her voice had lost its cheerful ring and there was a morbidness about her movements that did not agree with her usual briskness. To tell the truth, Mrs. Gaston had an attack of the blues. She had been obliged to acknowledge this to herself, but was quite unwilling to disclose the fact to any one of her family, for they firmly believed her proof against all such weaknesses. She had believed the same herself, and now here she was as miserable as any hypochondriac, and, strangely enough, was taking a morbid delight in being thus miserable.

As soon as her daughter Maude, a bright girl of twelve, had given her a good-bye kiss and started to school, and Mr. Gaston and their son were safely out of the way, Mrs. Gaston sat down on the edge

of the bed, drew a letter from her pocket and began to read. But the shade on her brow deepened and the lines about the pleasant mouth increased as her eye ran over the page. Then she folded the letter and said aloud: "It's too bad, any way. I'm not envious, but it is hard to think that Ellen can have everything, while I must drudge and drudge, and have nothing after all. If we had only stayed in Boston, I believe we might have been well off to-day. Just to think of her presents on New Year's! A diamond ring and a silver tea-set, and a piano for Mary! My Maude is just as clever a girl as Mary ever was, and just as fond of music and beautiful things as *she* can be. And to think of her out here with so few advantages. I cannot see why we ever came to this wilderness. What good has it done us? We're poorer than when we came, I'm sure. I don't care for myself," she added, wiping her tear-wet face with her apron, "I don't want a silver set nor a diamond ring, but I do care for the children. What will they ever be brought up in the society about here? And as for myself, I am just rusting out."

She sat a long time with her hands folded in her lap and her countenance the picture of discontent, until, glancing at the clock, she saw it was time to prepare dinner. Getting up in a listless kind of way, she put the room in order and went to work at the dinner, all the while contrasting her humble three-roomed house with its humble furniture, to her sister's stately mansion in Boston. True, that mansion stood on a very poor foundation; for Henry Graham, her sister's husband, was a wholesale liquor dealer, and by no means an abstainer himself. A very different man from John Gaston in every respect; for he was "almost a fanatic about temperance," the neighbors said. But these reflections availed very little to Mrs. Gaston this morning. Sister Ellen had a silver tea-set and everything to match, and her daughter had a piano, and Maude had none. So poor Mrs. Gaston was making her usually happy self as discontented as possible in consequence.

Then, as she thought of the diamond ring, she glanced down at her own hard, stumpy, brown hands, and thought of Ellen's soft, white ones and sighed again. But her eyes caught sight of the gold band on her finger. It was worn thin, but it was as bright as on the day when John had slipped it there and called her his queen. It was just like John—plain, and honest, and pure; and the sight of it led her back to the days when she and John were first wed.

He was then a book-keeper in the same store where Henry Graham was clerk. But the confinement of his position was wearing on his health. The doctor had said a change must be made, or he would soon be a consumptive. She remembered distinctly how she had urged him to sell out their stock of worldly goods and seek a home on the free, wild prairie. John had objected at first to going. He knew what it meant to be a farmer in a new country, and was loth to take her away from kindred and society to bear the toils and privations of a poor farmer's wife. But the subject of his health was dearest to her heart, and she overruled every objection, and hopefully,

bravely urged the change. And so they had come; and she had cheerfully endured everything, as she saw John's health improve, until no one would have recognized in the broad-shouldered, bronzed-face, muscular farmer the puny, pale clerk of other years.

But somehow even this failed to comfort her this morning, and time after time she found herself sighing and wishing they were back in Boston, and wondering what ever possessed them to come away. If there was only some society here, or if Maude could have a piano, she thought, nothing more would be wanted.

A loud knock at the door startled her. She opened it quickly, and saw her nearest neighbor.

"Good-morning, Mis. Gas'on."

"Good-morning, Mr. Thomas. Walk in."

"I can't; I reckon my feet's too muddy," he replied, glancing down at his number tens in a questioning way. "I come over, Mis. Gas'on, to git ye to come over to our house a spell this afternoon."

"Is Mrs. Thomas or the children sick?" inquired Mrs. Gaston.

"Waal, no. Ye see the ole woman's kind o' down in the mouth. Got discouraged like, and wants cheerin' up a bit; and you're just the one can do it," and a wan smile lit up the man's face as he glanced at Mrs. Gaston, whose heart palpitated faster as she thought what a poor condition of mind was hers to think of cheering up any one.

But she answered: "Well, I'll come over a while after dinner, Mr. Thomas."

"All right. Thankee. I'm going over to 'Squire Greens's after some clover seed, and sha'n't git back afore dark, and it'll cheer up the ole woman right smart if ye can go," returned the man, shuffling about on the large, flat stone before the door. "'Pears like she's got onsatisfied or sumthin'."

"Oh, no, she hasn't," said Mrs. Gaston, cheerily. "She just wants to talk to some woman. We'll have a good chat. I'll go over as soon as I can after dinner."

"That's the blessedist little body that ever got into this yer country," soliloquized Mr. Thomas, as he trotted his angular nag over the smooth prairie road. "She never gits down in the mouth, I know she don't, 'cause there's never a wrinkle in her face, and her hair is never tumbled-lookin', and she's allers got a collar on, and John Gaston allers looks like a 'squire instead of a farmer. Mighty high folks fur this country."

Somehow the idea of cheering up poor Mrs. Thomas, and the pleasant intercourse of the family while at dinner, went much toward restoring Mrs. Gaston's spirits, and setting things right again. After dinner she changed her dress from calico to calico, put on a clean white apron, gave a glance over the tidy room, and set off to her neighbor's. On her way, she thought many times of the unfortunate letter, and was ashamed to think she had allowed it to so affect her. But it was over now, and, like a thunder-storm, it had purified the air, and freshened and beautified even the very weeds.

It was not the first time she had gone to Mrs.

Thomas on a similar errand. They had been neighbors for some years, and to Mrs. Gaston's friendly counsel and helping hands they owed many of their comforts. Formerly, they had had no ambition beyond bare floors and dusky windows. Mrs. Gaston had suggested rag carpet, and even helped to make one. Then they had taken pattern from her own neat home, and had put forth an effort to make their own more attractive. Hanging-baskets, winter bouquets and rustic frames, had found their way into these rude homes, and now adorned the once dingy, cobwebby walls.

It was like a gleam of sunshine crossing the threshold when Mrs. Gaston appeared before Mrs. Thomas that day. The sad look vanished as she said: "I'd ruther see you comin' in than my mother. The sight of your face always does me good."

"Then I'm glad I came. How nice your curtains look!" said Mrs. Gaston, glancing at the windows.

"Yes. I took your plan, and made them out of old sheets and things. They look a heap better'n paper ones; but I reckon they'll need washin' 'bout every week," replied the woman, a flash of gratification lighting up her eyes.

"Oh, they're very little trouble to do up," said Mrs. Gaston. "Then they always look as nice as new when they're clean."

Then sitting down, Mrs. Gaston drew her knitting out of her pocket, and commenced knitting away vigorously while she told Mrs. Thomas about the sermon which had been preached over in the Creek School-house the Sunday previous; how earnestly the preacher enjoined them to walk in their appointed paths, trusting in God for blessings and comfort. Then she told her of the temperance society the young folks and old folks, too, were talking about forming. Then of Mrs. Tucker's new baby; and when everything else was exhausted, she actually told her about her sister's letter. Told it in a way that made her listener think how wonderfully Mrs. Gaston was blessed in receiving such pleasant letters.

"You have given me a world of comfort," said Mrs. Thomas, as her visitor at length rose to go. "Somehow I always feel stronger after I have talked with you."

"Do you? Well then we'll have many a good chat, won't we?" replied the cheery little woman. "It will soon be time for gardenin'," she added, as she passed down the door-yard. "I expect some rare seeds of flowers and vegetable from my friends this spring, and I will share with you. I mean to have every spot in the door-yard just glowing with flowers this summer."

As the kind little woman walked briskly homeward, she wondered why her heart felt so full of joy, and how even the sunset clouds, which had grown purple and dark in the short twilight, were seemingly tinged with a soft beauty.

"It must be because spring is so near," she said half aloud, as she glanced over the wide prairie, which was already covered with a greenish gray, a token that vegetation was beginning to spring up under the warm March sun. Upon that

southern slope, was just where the first flowers would be seen, and she and Maude would come very soon now to gather them.

That evening, as the family were all gathered around the cheerful fire, Mr. Gaston said: "Mother, what do you think I heard Neighbor Stines say to-day?"

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Gaston, while the children looked up from their books in questioning surprise.

"He said that John Gaston's wife was the bravest, cheeriest, helpfulest woman in the neighborhood. That his wife would have been discouraged and gone back East long ago only for her. She was always on the bright side and never got the blues."

"We all knew that before, didn't we, mother?" said Maude, laying her head in her mother's lap.

But Mrs. Gaston did not reply. She was think-

ing of her "spell" of the morning, so she only stroked the bright young head and inwardly rejoiced that she had not betrayed herself to them.

"I believe mother's secret lies in this, she is always counting her blessings," said Mr. Gaston, smiling.

But that night, in the quiet of their own room, Mrs. Gaston told her husband her experience of the morning.

"I was wishing myself back, John. I was envious of my sister's comforts, and in cherishing my envy, I lost sight of you, of myself and my God. I could not see any Providence in our being out here, deprived of society and friends. But I see now, and am satisfied to fill my appointed place, and God will see to it that our children fill theirs also."

For all answer John folded her close in his arms.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 7.

THE girls were wishing for something to make pie of—something new and not common.

Now we all know that prunes are wholesome fruit, and I suggested them, and thought no more about it. The next day, at dinner, we were treated to prune-pie, the fruit stewed until it was soft, the pits taken out, a glass of currant jelly mixed with it, the whole well sweetened and baked with one crust, and narrow strips of twisted pie-crust laid across the top and white sugar sifted over. It was very nice, and, to us, it was new.

Our prune-tree, that has stood in the yard for six or eight years, remarkable for nothing but its leafy beauty, bore two bushels of fruit last year. We have been experimenting with it for some time, but with no avail. The last thing we did with it—the year before it bore—was to scatter coal-ashes about it to the depth of perhaps a foot. It may be, that the little varmint could not make his way up through this covering, we do not know.

We canned and dried of the fruit, made jelly, and jam, and preserves, and shared with our neighbors.

One day, I stewed a dish full and placed them in the dining-room window where the current of air would cool them before tea. At tea we tasted and shook our heads, and tasted and made faces, and looked at each other, and said, "What's the matter with the fruit?" None of us wanted any. They had an old greasy taste that we could not account for. I had been scrupulously particular in cooking them, and yet, if they had been dished out with a tallow candle the flavor would hardly have been any worse. I examined everything, intent on discovering what was wrong. I peered, and sniffed, and drew my brows, and at last I discovered from whence came the taste. A little,

white piece of lawn had been laid on a folded *Tribune* the day before, and a pan of cookies and a custard-pie placed on it on the table. While the sauce was cooling, I saw flies alighting on the edge of the dish, and I picked up this bit of lawn and spread over it, the sun shone on it and made the taint of lard grow foul, and the steaming fruit absorbed it, and hence the flavor of grease. The knowledge of this came to me like a text, and I said to the girls: "How delicious this fruit looks, almost transparent, quivering like jelly, glowing with the tint of the ruby, and yet it is not pure, and not good, just because of that one evil association. That one little influence has spoiled it."

"Shirley Dare," who is good authority, upset a bottle of ink into her lap upon a pretty linen dress, striped with brown and white and trimmed with many rows of braid. In her fright she dipped the stained portion of the dress into warm water, rinsing out as much of the ink as possible, then quickly it was again plunged into a warm solution of oxalic acid, hot, that it might take effect sooner. Only the spots were dipped into this liquid, and in a minute they faded, taking the color of the stripes with them. The linen was rinsed in warm water again and wet with a solution of ammonia, which changed the skirt to its original color, and the dress was as good as ever.

She says: "Henceforth I keep high and sublime courage over all ink mishaps, sure that acid and ammonia and care will make it all right again. The process must be gone through with as quickly as possible, when once begun, but it will cancel old ink stains on wool, cotton or linen."

Now, if I had a nice carpet with a grievous ink-stain on it, I would treat it after this manner. While I write this I seem to see home circles, and one woman reads aloud, while another curls the baby's hair, and another bastes her work ready for the sewing-machine; and I seem to see them

all look up at once, and their eyes meet, and they say with bated breath: "Let's try it! You know how that stain has troubled and annoyed us for years!"

Well, try it, and may success attend your effort.

I am sorry I cannot give you the exact proportion of water to mix with the oxalic acid and the ammonia, but your judgment will determine that. I can always tell by rubbing my fingers together in the dilution when it is as strong as it should be. I shall be very glad if my suggestion helps any of you to remove an ink stain from a carpet; such a mishap worries one almost as much as a stain on the conscience; from the latter, however, may the good Lord deliver us.

How to be handsome. No woman need deny the soft impeachment, it is a very comfortable feeling to be handsome. But, ah, the devices in men and women seeking to improve their good looks—washes and paints, and all kinds of tricks and cosmetics, including the dastardly anointing with hair oil!

I admire beauty; I feast on it; it rejoices me wherever I see it—pretty hair, pretty eyes, good complexion, a good mouth, an honest, pure eye, the beautiful curve of the cheek and chin, the clean, well-kept teeth, the erect figure, and the firm, springy step, I admire and love them all wherever I see them. Everybody can be a little bit pretty, no matter what the features are; and this is how it can be done: Keep yourself clean by washing often and freely. The skin wants to act freely, and it will take care of itself if its thousands of pores are not closed and clogged by the impurities it is daily casting off. Eat regularly of healthful food; don't eat between meals; give the stomach a chance to rest.

When the children were small, and I wanted them to understand the functions of the stomach, I used to make myself understood by this simple illustration. I would say: the stomach is like a poor washerwoman, who makes her living by going out to wash. She excels in that kind of work. It takes her five hours to do a washing. It takes the stomach five hours to digest a meal. Now suppose that two or three hours after a hearty meal you eat a piece of pie or cake; that is just on the same plan as though, when the washwoman was nearly through with her work, you had brought out some quilts or sheets and thrown them down, saying, "Here is something else to wash." See how you would impose upon her—how unfeeling you would be. Yet you could in part recompense her with money. But not so that faithful, patient, wearied and wonderful organism, the stomach. Sometime the penalty must be paid, and frequently it is a fearful one.

Good teeth make a plain face quite handsome. They should be brushed or washed after every meal, and at night before going to bed. Keep them clean. No one is lovable who neglects his or her teeth. There is no excuse for it.

A pretty girl said to me once when I ventured to tell her that her neglected teeth was her crowning sin: "Oh, my gums bleed when I brush my teeth!"

"Brush away with a soft brush," I said; "that will toughen them, and make them grow closer to the teeth, and be redder and healthier."

Plenty of sleep and abundance of pure air are necessary to good looks. Exercise on foot is positively necessary; and the mind must be active; think and study, and work with hands and brain. Endeavor to associate with people who know more than you do yourself; do not be content to babble and tattle, and heed with interest the idle gossip of the neighborhood. Keep up out of the reach of that; do not let it touch even the air you breathe; be watchful lest you catch yourself relating the floating tattle of the community in which you live; nothing drags one down lower, or is more debasing, and humiliating, and disgraceful. Hear all the good lectures you can, even if you make some sacrifice in doing so; heed all the sermons you hear; live a consistent life, obeying the golden rule to the very letter.

We think a merry heart makes a handsome face; it imparts a glow and a cheery brightness; not the habitual giggler do we mean, but the bright, cheerful, hopeful, happy soul, whose very eyes are magnetic and full of good-will and good-cheer.

Lily steals in and looks over my shoulder, and I feel the touch of her ripe, red lips softly on my cheek, and when my pen announces a period, she says: "Do please let me tell you what to say now, and then you please say it, Pipsey, that's a darling!"

I say: "Well, tell me what it is, and I'll see about it. But if it's poetry, I don't want it, and Mr. Arthur don't want it either. We like practical things. You know you interfered and wheedled me into putting some grass poetry into the last article. If I don't watch, you'll make me turn troubadour yet."

Well, her selection is pretty, and, as Dr. Bodkin would say, it is right to the point. We yield to her solicitation, and append it as following immediately after my talk on cheerfulness. She says it is called "A MERRY HEART."

"It gives to beauty half its power,
The nameless charm worth all the rest,
The light that dances o'er a face,
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.
If beauty ne'er has set her seal,
It well supplies her absence, too,
And many a cheek looks passing fair
Because a merry heart shines through."

To keep hair in curl, take a few quince seeds, boil them in water, and add perfumery if you like; wet the hair with this, and it will keep in curl longer than from the use of any other preparation of which we know. It is also good to keep the hair in place on the forehead if you are going out in the wind. The seeds can be bought at the drug store for a few cents an ounce; or, when you make your quinces into jelly, you can save the seeds yourself.

This is the time of the year in which I always dig some of the largest and crispest roots of horseradish and grate them, being careful to have no

part of the root saved except the clean white, and cover with good cider vinegar. Working-men relish it on their food, which, in spite of us, seems to all taste alike to them sometimes. While grating the roots, to avoid weeping, stand where the wind will blow across the table.

Now I want to whisper a little private talk—get your heads all down so you can hear, for I'd rather that woman down in ——— wouldn't hear us or observe us at all. I want to tell you about her, poor thing; she gave me a terrible drubbing with her pen! positively my eyes are red yet from weeping, and you see my hair is all scutched up and I look forlorn and 'bused.

She said I didn't write nice things, and that no woman was excusable for being so ugly and homely as I was, and that she'd think my girls, Ida and Lily, would feel like marrying 'most anybody, for fear, if they lived single, they might become like me; and she said I ought to be ashamed to tell about my catarrh, and my odd clothes, and my homely self; and that I was a real old man-trap, trying to catch a husband, that I tried to ensnare poor Deacon Skiles and old Elder Nutt, and now, just as likely as not, I was after our present preacher, Brother Burley! And then, to cap the climax, she said she loved me, and thought I was sensible in some things and that there were worse folks in the church than I was.

I was hurt when I read the letter, and the poor girls were indignant beyond expression. I smiled, however, and said: "Oh, there's the same old story that has been dinned in my ears ever since I was three weeks old! At that ripe age the deacon first exercised parental authority, and gave me a good whipping because I objected to having the light extinguished; he said he did it for my good, and in all the following years of my childhood and girlhood he always insisted that the frequent punishments were only 'tokens of his affection.'"

So, when I read the woman's candid letter, I said, "the medicine is very bitter, but, like the whippings, I must believe it to be a token of regard." Really, I think, though, that I don't like such tributes of love; I presume I cannot appreciate them. I thought, if it would please her, I would turn over a new leaf and try and behave more sedate and womanly, and I'd quit laughing and saying funny things, and I'd conform more to the ways of the world in the matter of dress. My heart aches so over that letter yet, that I think I could not raise a laugh even.

You will understand, then, if I am quiet and talk serious things, that it is because the poor, angry woman wants me to do it. She loves me so.

In this particular case, I see I must take the well-meant castigation kindly and be reconciled, in the same manner that the Dutchman's wife was when she met the grim monster, death. The woman died, and a few days afterward a friend met, the bereft husband, and in his sympathy he said: "So you have lost your wife, my dear sir; it is a great sorrow—an irreparable loss."

"Yuas," answered the stricken one.

"Was she aware of her coming dissolution, and was she reconciled?" inquired the friend.

"*Ragoneiled!*" said the husband, sharply; "*w'y, dunder, she ha't o' be ragoneiled!*"

Floating Island. Put about a pint of good milk on to scald, take the beaten yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one spoonful of corn-starch, which has just been stirred up with a little cold milk, stir all together and add to the milk, carefully, that it may not be in lumps, and as soon as it thickens well, pour it into the dish designed for the table, then add a teaspoonful of lemon. Put some boiling water in a clean spider and beat up quickly the whites of the two eggs until they will heap up, put a spoonful at a time into the boiling water until you have what can be cooked at one time. Do not turn them, but lift out carefully with a skimmer, one at a time, and lay them gently on the dish of float.

This is a very pretty dish for the tea-table, but it should be made in the forenoon, so that it will be cold and refreshing at supper-time.

In making any kind of berry pies at this season of the year, I think they look prettier and more appetizing if the upper crust is omitted and little twisted strips of paste laid across instead, and then white sugar sifted over.

It may be a whim of mine, but I think it is so much better if you have flowers on the table. I don't mean a towering bouquet that you find in your way every time you speak to your friend across the table, but flowers in something low and unassuming. A large bouquet is well enough in the dining-room, or on the side of the table that remains unoccupied.

Another good, cool dish for this season of the year is tapioca cream. It is better cold, and is a convenient dish to make the day before the one in which you know you will be too busy to cook much. Three spoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night in cold water, or an hour or two in the morning in warm water. Drain off the water, add one quart of good milk and a little over half a cup of sugar, and put it on to boil. Then stir the beaten yolks of four eggs in the milk when boiled. Let it boil about a minute, and pour out into a deep dish. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir into the dish with the cream. Flavor as you choose.

Care must be taken in cooking tapioca, corn-starch and like things, that they do not burn. The fire should be steady and partly burned down. A very good way, however, is to cook such creams and puddings in a pail standing in a kettle of boiling water.

The hair-striped or dotted shirting calico makes pretty dresses for summer, and they are so cheap and look so clean, and fresh, and cool, that you women should have three or four of them. Make them with little or no lining, so they will be cool and comfortable; put a bit of a narrow ribbon bow on a hair-pin at one side of your coil of hair, or where your curls are caught up back of your ears; wear a bow of the same color in front, and you will look really pretty and nice.

All kinds of fine white goods are so cheap now that each of you girls can afford a white dress, surely, with Victoria lawn costing only twenty-five

cents a yard. Make them up neatly, getting a dressmaker to fit the waist, by all means; have as few furlongs about them as possible, with an eye to ironing-day.

I never do the ironings now since the girls are old enough to do them, and I observe that they are careful not to have elaborate fixings on their white dresses. Sometimes I watch them slyly to see how they manage. Many things are new to me—different from what they were "in the good old days" when I never thought of wearing a white dress only on the Lord's day, and then in a very careful, sanctimonious manner.

When they iron, one takes the fine things, and the other the common ones. They stand the large table a few feet from a window, and one uses it and the other the ironing-board, a board five feet long and two feet wide, smoothly covered with sheets that are pinned on the underside. One end of the board rests on the table and the other on the window-sill. The white dresses, skirts and shirts are ironed by slipping the board through them. A newspaper is spread on the floor below the board. If a white dress does not retain dampness until it is all ironed, it is dampened by a white cloth wrung out of clean water. We did talk about ironing shirts, polishing, starch, bosom-board, and all that before.

In ironing cotton hose, always iron them on the wrong side, then the seams will not hurt and chafe the feet. It is advisable also to smooth down the shoulder-seams in a dress, and the facing about the neck; sometimes the starch dries in these seams, and unless ironed they will irritate and scratch one's neck, and cause considerable annoyance.

In ironing sheets, it is only the ends and selvages that are hard to get smooth. A neighbor of mine overcomes that difficulty in this way: Fold in the middle crosswise, the seam wrong side out, then fold the hems back to the centre each way, which brings it right side out, and all right to iron, after which fold at the seam. By so doing, you bring the ironing where you want it, across the ends of the sheet.

Keep your iron-holders laid away with the sheets you iron on; let them be used for nothing else. Many an annoying smirch on the bosom of a fine shirt or a white dress comes from the touch of fingers soiled from an old iron-holder that had been used for other purposes.

ONE LITTLE SPOT.

BY MADGE CARROL.

BRET HARTE says very truly: "The rear of a house only is sincere."

If the back yard reveals a heap of ashes and rubbish, genuine neatness has no place under that roof, although the entire front, from cellar window to cornice, may stand the glistening embodiment of cleanliness.

Nor does true flower-love dwell in that home whose rear windows face a wilderness of bricks, however artistic the display enchanting the world at the front. That city yards are too small for

great things in the way of gardening, is no excuse for delivering them over to dirt and desolation. What housekeeper ever refused to furnish her parlor because of its dimensions? However four walls press, there's room for a parlor inside; so however they press there's room for some greenness and beauty outside. Another plea for the avoidance of rear adornment is want of leisure. This is a strong point with many women, and always will be, so long as, if there's any deception to be kept up, it's sure to be at the front of the house. The family wash is an additional obstacle. There is such a thing as taking that into consideration when making out the first garden plan. Put all sorts of shrubbery, or any plant of free-growing habits, close to the fence—never be deluded into fancy trellises for the centre—then with long, strong props swing the clothes high, and that difficulty is obviated. Still another stumbling-block, perhaps the very biggest, is the expense. There is a way of getting over, or around, even that. Seldom indulge in novelties; let nothing suffer for want of a little attention; collect the seed of annuals, look after slips, roots, bulbs, from season to season, and there need be no outlay after the first year.

One little spot in this great city proves how much a woman can do, when she will, with small means, and some odd minutes that fit into a flower-bed as nowhere else. The pleasure of learning her plans, and seeing them effectually carried out, has been so great, the writer wishes others to share it, and, if possible, go and do likewise. In the first place, it is fair to state the size of this little spot—fifteen feet in length by sixteen in breadth, with a side yard eighteen by four. The latter terminates in a recess only big enough to hold a medium-sized vase of flowers. Necessarily, one-half of even this tiny bit of ground is reserved for walks, although Miss L— narrowed the one down the side yard by removing a couple of rows of bricks, thereby securing a foot-wide vine border. A low, rambling line of rock-work forms the centre of a wee stretch of grass.

A friend, unacquainted with geology, yet eying these specimens critically, once remarked: "I thought I understood your garden expenses to have been trivial at the very outstart? Unless you've friends in the carting business, these stones must have cost something considerable."

"They cost me the use of a wheelbarrow, two boys' time two hours, and a walk," replied Miss L—. "I got them on the lots, where as likely specimens can be picked up any day. In their former sphere of life, they doubtless did good service in the way of baking, boiling, stewing, and are none the less useful here, although, I flatter myself, decidedly more ornamental."

Closer examination led to the discovery that this dainty, really artistic piece of rock-work was composed entirely of rusty tins! Skillful arrangement, some common paint, and a sprinkling of sand, aided a deception few were clever enough to detect. Anxious to disclose a leakage somewhere, this visitor questioned Miss L— in reference to earth for filling in, and was informed that it was gathered from the street in the fall. Exposure to

one winter's cold rendering it fit for every ordinary gardening purpose.

This lady has found uses for many things usually thrown away as worthless. One of the loveliest hanging-baskets in her garden's round is an old wash-basin, with gnarled roots about it, and suspended by a chain such as any hardware dealer sells for six cents a yard. Another novel feature is a rustic box, odorless with golden-dropped, sea-green musk. This box is nothing more nor less than an ordinary pudding-pan, with splints of kindling-wood, the bark left on, fastened around it, then varnished. The family fruit-cans, and, latterly, compressed-beef cans, for which the grocer has no use, find a place somewhere. Up the shed posts or along the shady fence side, filled with trailing plants and painted bronze, brown or green, they form a very attractive feature.

For almost any out-door painting this helpful woman declares that bristles from a worn-out window-brush, fastened tightly around an old pen-holder, are quite good enough. As for perforating tins, a hatchet, a nail, a brick and a tolerably strong right arm, will do it. For removing the tops of fruit-cans, set them on hot coals a moment, then a half brick, or cobble-stone, fitted into the opening, will enable any one, capable of using a nail and hammer, to make a hole in the side for the purpose of fastening wherever wanted. Use fine wire for securing roots or bark; either painted or varnished, this will last two or more seasons. Miss L— has discovered that fine wire and hoop-skirt springs form a neat lattice-work for vines, and afford no highway for that enemy of city gardens, the cat. Preserve the woven covering, as it prevents overheating, straighten out the springs, cross them, either in squares or diamonds, then fasten with wire, and, if desired, paint. Strips of leather tacked over the join secures the frame. It will last at least two years, or can be easily arranged so as to be taken down and kept indoors through the winter, when it will serve a much longer period.

Miss L— recommends an excellent water-proof varnish, prepared without alcohol. Take three parts, by weight, of pale shellac, one part of spirits of sal-ammoniac, and six or eight of water. Shake them together in a bottle, then cork up for twelve hours. Next place in an earthen vessel over the fire, and boil, with constant stirring, until the shellac is dissolved. This solution may be used for staining wood, and at the same time rendering it water-proof. It also readily dissolves certain aniline colors, as green, yellow, etc.; and can be employed for the purpose of imparting a permanent color, not in the least affected by moisture. The basin-basket, described, has a coating of this varnish, and is quite as pretty as any article at the florists, with the additional advantage of hanging within reach of all.

In fact, one little spot proves conclusively how much brightness and beauty lies within reach, and needs only to be laid hold of to become a real home comfort and delight. For instance, there are the fruit-cans. Somebody else may own the garden, or perhaps there is none, but anybody might pick up a can and a nail, then somewhere,

there's a post, or a shady sill, a little earth and a seed.

"A friend of mine," said Miss L—, "a seamstress, who lived in a second-story room up a narrow court, and was much annoyed by an opposite neighbor's prying gaze, took a hint from these cans. A row of them nailed along the window-sill, and filled with running-vines, not only shielded her, but brought rest and refreshment. The hanging of a curtain would have set idle tongues to running, putting up cans was a signal for others, and by the time summer came around again the court was all in bloom."

Will any other bit of God's earth be brighter next year for this glance at one little spot?

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 7.

"WHAT do you think of this?" said Lottie, to-day, as she read an item that has been going the rounds in all the newspapers, from Maine to California. And then she read aloud a recipe for starching black calico dresses by dipping them in sweet milk.

I had often read the recipe, and every time I was vexed, and said if women were editors this abomination would cease, for no lady could stand it to wear a dress that had been dipped in milk. We all know that if a cow kicks over the pail and the milk is splashed on a woman's dress, she changes it immediately, or washes it out, and a man is just as particular, if he meets with a similar mishap. I know that my George Nelson used to milk a kicking cow which we owned, and very often a soft towel, wet in warm water, was called into requisition to wash a splash off from his sleeve.

No woman is likely to have more than one black calico at a time, and I think she could stand it—that one dress from among all her others—if it were not starched at all. That would be preferable to having it dipped in sweet milk and be punished by the filthy, unclean odor and the presence of the myriads of flies that would be attracted to the good living the dress afforded. It is not pleasant to contemplate, and we hope the recipe will reach the end of its journey and, like the stubborn mule in the long-ago school book, "sink to rise no more."

Tuesday.—One thing makes me feel so sorry, that is, to see young girls uneasy, and fidgety, and unnatural, and—I do hate to say it—trying to attract attention, especially that of young men. It is only a species of girlish vanity and they will get over it after awhile, but we grown people understand it, and it is pitiable to us. One of my girls is that way; she inclines to be coquettish, and flirty, and vain, will toss her head to make her ear-rings sparkle, will put her hand up to her face, pensively, to show her rings and bracelet, and if she is entering a church or store, will stand lightly on the steps with the skipping motion of a tom-tit, for no other purpose only to show her dainty little No. 2s, and the trim ankle peeping out from the snowy hems, or the delicate embroi-

dery of pretty skirts. She manages very adroitly to drop her veil, or glove, or handkerchief, when a crowd of young men are standing about, or when one of them is walking behind her, and she wants to attract his attention. She sings one octave higher than any other person. She selects a seat so that the prettiest side of her hat or the prettiest arrangement of her curls will be on the "congregation side." She is scheming and artful, and yet she wears the most innocent ways; while she plots with all the secretiveness of a wily detective. I could shake her sometimes when I see her laughing just purposely to show her white teeth or the dimples in her cheeks, or to make the sparkles come in her sunny brown eyes. Ah, the cunning of the fox is under all these pretty blandishments and disguises! Her voice is melodious, and that is why she so frequently speaks aloud in the vestibule of the church, or when riding past a crowd. She manages to have her gossamer veil stream from her hat, and loose ends of ribbons flutter in the wind, and curls slip loose and lie caressingly on her white neck; and yet it all seems to happen with an artless grace that is perfectly charming and natural. She would blush to be called bold, or immodest, or coquettish; she would weep tears of angry resentment at the imputation; and yet she is really all of these.

The young man we call Orga Torix—you remember him—escorted her home from the last Thursday night lecture, and I walked behind them with Tuddie and Kitten. It was beautiful moonlight, and I heard the little flirt quoting poetry something about the "silver moon," and she hung on Torix's arm as helplessly as though she were a feeble octogenarian, while she looked up into his eyes with a languishing, die-away expression that was very disgusting to practical, matter-of-fact woman.

I don't say anything to her about this, because I think it belongs to some girls to be silly, and sentimental, and shallow, and I know her mother was just exactly like her twenty years ago; but I do talk in an off-hand way to all the girls about being modest, and unassuming, and cautious about their behavior in public. There is no charm in woman equal to modesty; it adorns, and beautifies, and covers a multitude of defects.

I remember when I was a girl, if my brothers were speaking of a young woman, and wanted to say of her the best thing that could be put into language, it always was couched in the tender words, "She is so modest." I was astonished when, from among all the pretty, and good, and lovable young women in our whole township, my brother Tom chose for a wife little, dark, dumpy Lutie Fairfield. I could hardly believe my own ears when he told me that Lutie was his choice. There was Josie Hamilton, tall, and fair, and robust, and full of fun, I was sure she would have found favor in his sight before little Lutie, for she and Tom were always such good friends, and always laughing and running jokes on each other. Then there was Sybilla Hunt, with her queenly figure, and black eyes, and raven curls, a girl who was equal to any emergency; she could officiate at the bedside of the dying, fill the moderator's

chair with honor if called into it at a public meeting, survey a puzzling piece of land that farmers had quibbled over, make gilt-edged butter, or work any place that a sensible, intellectual or domestic woman had to. I did wish Tom would take a liking to dear 'Billa Hunt; but, no, he turned from all, and worshipped at the shrine of brown, little, pug-nosed blushing Lutie Fairfield. Lutie's mouth was large, and her upper teeth jutted over, and her gray eyes were prominent and bulged out, and her voice was fine and squeaky as a little fiddle, and her shoulders round and stooping.

I said, before I thought how wrong it was: "O Tom, why didn't you choose a lady-like woman!"

He smiled like the kingliest man in the world, and replied: "Lutie's worth all the women in Ohio. Oh, she's so modest!"

Yes, she was very modest; the pretty glow of blushes were always rosy, and ready to come and go. She was so pure and good.

Another of my girls is always complaining. I know very well how this comes about. She is the pet at home, and has grown a little selfish, and to thinking too much and too often of herself. This is the fault of the mother. Any mother can make her children, especially her daughters, petulant, and babyish, and weak. I am well acquainted with the mother, and know just how she has brought up her daughter, and I hesitated when she wanted me to take the girl under my care. She has been accustomed to magnifying every little ache and ailment, and dwelling upon it selfishly.

She will rise in the morning and come to the table—generally the last one—and she will say: "I didn't get to sleep very much last night. I heard the clock strike twelve, one, two and three; and I had such a horrible dream of being chased by a sheep." Some one will pass her the baked potatoes, and she will say: "No, I'll not take one, I had such a burning pain in my stomach yesterday that I must be careful." Then she will rise and pour boiling water in her tea, and just as she sits down will say: "Tuddie, put the cat out; if there's anything I hate it is to have a cat walling up its yellow orbs at me when I eat. A little of the gravy, please—but, oh dear, I got my sleeve in the cream!" And then she runs to the pantry, and fusses round, and calls one of the girls to get her the washbasin with a little warm water in it. She comes back to the table with, "I am so nervous this morning!" and she holds her hand over the region of her heart, and rolls up her pale blue eyes. Pretty soon she leaves the table to fix her collar, saying: "I've stood that scratching at my neck as long as I can." After breakfast she comes to me with, "My hair is coming out so badly; do you know what would prevent it? I'm 'fraid I'll lose all of it yet." I tell her what to do. And I am very busy cutting out and fitting the waist of a dress, when she comes again with, "One of my great toe nails is growing thick and stubby, and it pains all the time. What would you do if you were me?"

I say: "Bathe your feet in warm water, and scrape the top of the nail in the centre with a bit

of broken glass, and then wear shoes a size larger."

"O auntie, my shoes are a mile too large now! Just see!" and she thrusts out a clubby foot that spills over the sides, runs back, and bulges up at the toes.

At dinner-time she has the girls looking at her eyes to see if they are not unusually red. She thinks she feels symptoms of inflammation. She takes supreme pleasure while at the table of telling an old family yarn about her grandfather having a crimson flannel cockade given him by General Lafayette.

While we sit at the table, Josephine, in taking something out of her pocket, drops her kid gloves, which my complaining lassie picks up, saying: "Thank fortune, I don't have to wear number sixes!" and she puts on the old gloves, and makes

her hand into a fist, and laughs immoderately at the loose fit.

She is always afraid to go out alone at night, even to the cistern pump; and if she reads anything frightful before she retires, she always keeps her lamp burning. She never thinks of going to bed without looking under it for burglars, or fiendish men intent on murder.

She is always thinking of herself; always magnifying every ailment and misfortune; always fearful of lightning, and tornadoes, and rain storms, and drought, and famine, and pestilence, and contagion. She keeps a full supply of quack medicines for "toning up the stomach," "giving an appetite," "enriching the blood," "assisting the liver," "regulating the bowels," "helping nature," and "rectifying derangements." Poor girl!

Religious Reading.

LAYING DOWN THE LIFE FOR FRIENDS.

BY REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—JOHN XV., 13.

LOVE is life. If the love is natural, the life is natural. If the love is spiritual, the life is spiritual. If the love is evil, the life is evil. If the love is good, the life is good. In all cases the love is the measure of the quality and degree of the life, for it is the life.

The first degree of love in the order of time is the natural. It is the love of this world, and of the things of this world. Its various derivative forms are called natural affections. It is also the love of self. This is a good love when it keeps its place. It is right for us to love ourselves and the world, our children and friends. Natural delights are good in their degree and kind. The Lord created us to enjoy this life, to derive pleasure from all its possessions and relations. But it is only good when it is estimated at its true value. It is the lowest form of life. It is temporary, and when judged by the highest standards, by the true end of life, it is only an apparent good.

But it becomes evil as soon as it is over-estimated, as it is by every one before regeneration. The natural degree of life was formed to be the foot, and it assumes to be the head. It was designed to be merely an instrument in the production of higher forms of life; but it absorbs all the sap and vigor of the tree, and "produces leaves only." It is now practically regarded as the only real life, and it is so called. To be successful, fortunate, is to obtain an abundance of the things of this life; and life itself is regarded as existence in the material body. All the common forms of thought and modes of expression confirm the truth, that we do practically regard this world as the real world, and this life as the real life, and its possessions as the real, substantial good. When this state of the mind is mentioned in the Word, it is sometimes called life, though in truth it is

death. Consequently we find it written, "Whoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." Here we find the apparent and the real life contrasted. Our life is the natural, evil life, and if we try to save it, that is, if we live only as natural men, and seek only to enjoy the pleasures of this life, we shall lose our spiritual and eternal life. But if we subdue and destroy our evil life, we shall save our spiritual and eternal life.

This over-estimate of our natural life is the inversion of true order. It must, therefore, be corrected before we can be truly said to live. We must "lay it down." We must cease to regard it as the real good. We must bring these natural loves, which assume to rule over us, into subjection to the true order of life. In this order they are servants, and they must be made to serve. They are not friends in any sense. In a true order of life they are good and faithful servants. In an inverted order, they are usurpers and enemies, and must be put down.

And they must be put down for our friends. Who or what, then, are they? Speaking generally and abstractedly, the truth is our friend. "Ye are my friends," said the Lord, "if ye do whatsoever I command you." All the Lord's commandments are truths. We can all see that if there is any true path of life, those directions which point out the way without any mistakes are our true friends, for they show us how we may escape the dangers of error and secure the highest ends of life. So far as these truths are embodied in persons, those persons become our friends, and the only true friends we have.

A true friend desires to help us, and not himself. He favors us and helps us along when we go right, but he hinders and opposes us if we go wrong. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." A true friend stands by us as long as he can do us good, and he leaves us when, by so doing, he can serve us more effectually than by remaining with us. He assists us in our weakness; reproves us for

our errors; encourages us when we despond and faint; chides us when we linger and halt in the path of duty; rejoices in our real prosperity; grieves at our adversity, and sympathizes with us always. His hand is ever extended to help, to sustain, to guide us. Such a friend is the truth. It is the straight path to the true goal of life, it is the light which always shines, whether clouds obscure our minds or not. It never deserts us, though we may forsake it. So far as any one is the embodiment of the truth, so far as he is a friend to every one, though he may appear to be an enemy. The Lord is such a friend. These are the friends mentioned in our text, for whom we ought to lay down our life. And so far as we do, it becomes a test of our love for them.

By "laying down our life," however, is not meant the giving up of our life in this world, the separation of the soul and body. A man may expose himself to certain death in battle; he may surrender himself into the hands of the executioner, or go voluntarily to the stake and give his body to the flames, and yet not lay down his life for his friends. He may do all these things for the love of glory, or some other evil love. He may regard himself first in his surrender of his natural life. But we only lay down our life for our friends when we give up our selfish and worldly loves for them. This is the most difficult thing we can do, and thus it becomes the severest test of our love for them.

But there are those, perhaps more than we think, who do possess this "greater love." There are parents who lay down their life for their children, and children who do it for their parents, husbands for their wives, wives for husbands, and friends for friends. And the exhibition of this love by whomsoever exercised, is one of the noblest and most beautiful sights in the world. You have seen it—perhaps you are doing it yourself. You have seen a son, noble and dutiful, foregoing his own pleasures, postponing or giving up entirely his most deeply cherished plans, for a father or a mother; restraining the impulses of youth and giving up entirely his strength to be the stay and the staff for the feebleness and decrepitude of age. You have seen a daughter, with beautiful and touching tenderness, lay down the delights of youth, the pleasures of social life, and give up, one by one, some dearly cherished tastes and habits, and it may be hopes and affections treasured in the inmost shrine of her heart, to watch over aged and infirm parents, to lift the burdens which often press so heavily upon us toward the close of our earthly life, to minister to their many wants, to be their hands and their feet, a light to their eyes, and a song of joy in their hearts.

You have seen a wife and mother, with a devotion which has no parallel, lay down her own worldly and selfish life upon the altar of her affections. Many of you who hear me may be doing it now. Day by day you go the round of domestic duty. You lay down your youth and the beauty and freshness of life's morning. You give up the home that sheltered you in infancy and childhood; the patient and tender care of parental affection,

Many give up wealth for poverty; luxurious ease and freedom from all care, for daily toil and painful solicitude for others. They give their strength and the fresh vigor of their prime. Patiently and tenderly they wait and watch, and renounce, weaving the web of others' lives with threads drawn from their own, and in manifold ways foregoing their own wishes, denying themselves and offering up their own lives, for those dearer than life, and often for a poor and cold return.

The days of martyrdom and heroic self-sacrifice are not yet passed. The four walls of many of our dwellings enclose the scene of tragedies as painful, as heroic and sublime, as was ever enacted on any stage, or wrought out by fire and sword in days of persecution and blood. There are noble offerings of love to duty; a weary, painful, protracted wasting of life by inches, where the light of all hope fades as a summer sun, and the darkness is seen approaching, with slow but sure and steady step, like a stormy night. The warmth of affection wanes, and the cold of neglect comes creeping on, as winter cools and chills, and turns to ice in his frozen bosom the fervid summer and bounteous autumn. Aye, there is more than this. There is blood. Not the red current that flows in the veins of our bodies, but the blood of a higher and nobler life. There is torture, worthier of its infernal origin than ever racked the bones or stretched the quivering flesh, in the dungeons of the Inquisition. There is the slow torture of a sensitive life; the pulling out, as it were, fibre by fibre, of the living soul. Death in battle or by the hands of the executioner, or even at the stake, is nothing compared with this. In the roar and din of conflicting armies, men are hurried on by excitement, and they become unconscious of danger and suffering. Even the martyr is sustained by the stimulus of applauding and sympathizing crowds. If the pain is great, it is momentary. A flash, a stroke, or at most a few moments of agony, and all is over. But this immolation of the soul is by slow and painful degrees, with no sympathy. It is suffered alone.

These are some natural examples of the general truth of our text, which fall within the observation of all. But there is a sense in which it is applicable to all, in every station, to the rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant, the prosperous and the unfortunate. All who become regenerated and attain a true spiritual life, must lay down their natural life, their selfish and worldly loves; and the degree in which they do it is the measure of their spiritual life. Let us apply the test to ourselves and see how we can stand the trial.

Our real and true friend is the love of spiritual goodness and truth, the love of learning it and obeying it. How many of you, my friends, love the truth better than any selfish or worldly interest? How many are willing to lay down your natural delights, your worldly hopes, your selfish pleasures, your business, your office, to break up your selfish relations, to sever your natural ties, to abstain from vicious habits, to consider yourselves, in all aspects of your life, as spiritual and immortal beings, if the truth demands one or all of these things? The truth does demand of you

to put your own interest on a level with your neighbor's in all your business. Can you do it? Can you lay down so much of your natural life for your friend, justice, as to do that? Can you look to his interests as well as your own? If you employ others in the house or shop, the store or field, can you look to their interests as well, as really, as fully, as your own? Can you treat them as you would wish to be treated, if you were in their place? Can you be kind, considerate and just to them? Can you in any respect lay down your natural life for them?

If you labor for others, do you look to the interests of those who employ you, as well as your own? Are you diligent, faithful, willing to give the just measure of your strength and ability? When your selfish and worldly interests come in collision with theirs, can you give them up, so far as the truth requires?

You are all links in a vast web of social relations. You talk of each other's interests and actions; you discuss each other's opinions, character and conduct. Are you as considerate and tender of their reputation and honor as you wish them to be of your own? Are you unwilling to believe evil of any one until you are compelled to do it? If you hear an evil report, do you conceal it, and bury it in silence? Do you throw the mantle of charity over the failings of others, and try to find the good in them? When unkind thoughts arise in your mind against them, when pride, or envy, or jealousy, or any evil intention manifests itself, have you a sufficient love of the truth, and for your neighbor, to lay it down? When others speak plain and true things about you—point out your evils—can you be thankful for it as for a great favor conferred upon you? Can you put down the uprising selfhood, and consent to remain indebted to your friend for a time without any over-anxiety to repay him by a similar service? Can you, from a regard to the truth, lay down every or any disposition you find in your heart to detract from the minds of others, to say sharp and unkind things, to utter harsh judgments, and to poison the currents of social life?

The interests of our spiritual nature ought to be valued more highly than any natural good. But are they? Do you think as much of your spiritual as of your natural wants? Are you anxious to learn what they are, and to provide the means of supplying them? Are you ready to give up the necessary time, and money, and thought? When a spiritual and a natural good are fairly placed in competition, and you must choose the one or the other, which would you regard as your friend? Which would you lay down? Which do you lay down?

We have only to watch the voluntary motions of our own minds, to observe in what direction our thoughts tend, to what ends our affections draw us, for a single day, to see clearly how strong our natural life is, and how weak our spiritual—how much the love of self and the world is regarded as our life, as our true friend, and how hard it is to lay it down.

All the trials, the cares, the conditions, the fears,

and the so-called misfortunes of life, have their origin and cause in this worldly love, and in the necessity of laying it down. So strong are these natural desires, that few, if any, of us lay them down until we are compelled to, or are led by a long series of disappointments to see that they are only an apparent, not a real good. You have all had some love that was stronger than your love for the truth. Some thing, some end or some person that you cherished and guarded as your life; that you have lived, and labored, and watched, and prayed for; something so desirable, so dear in your estimation, that you would lay down all other things for it, and you may have been called upon to give up the treasure. While you were just entering upon its enjoyment, you have seen it vanish away. It has been torn from your reluctant grasp while you clung to it with the tenacity of life. You may have seen the blow coming; you have trembled, and struggled, and prayed, "O, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me;" and you have not bowed humbly and meekly while your heart finished the petition, "Not my will, but Thine be done." But the cup is put to your lips, and you must drink it to its bitterest dregs. Why is it? It is that you may love the things of this world—your friends, your children, your husbands and wives—not less, perhaps, but the things that relate to your spiritual interests the more. It is that you may have a greater love, for which you can lay down your natural life, in whatever pleasing and beautiful forms it may be embodied, when your spiritual interests require it.

But whether you are called upon in the Divine Providence to sustain these great trials or not, you are called to lay down your life daily, hourly, little by little. You are called upon to quell the rising murmur against the Lord for some want of success in natural things, for the privation and want you must undergo, for the labor you must endure; to slay, in their inception, envious and jealous thoughts of others; to check the unkind word ere it flies like an arrow from the tongue; to restrain the foot when it would hurry you away into some evil; to cut off the right hand when lifted to do a wrong; to pluck out the right eye when it looks to any worldly or selfish lust; to give up personal comfort and ease when a greater good demands it; to hush the clamors of selfish desires; to deny yourself; and in all things to lay down the natural life for the spiritual and eternal life.

We often think that we could make great sacrifices if we were called upon; that we could do some great, heroic and noble action. And doubtless we could, though it might not be the laying down of our life for our friends, but the cherishing of a stronger selfishness. If you wish to do something really great and heroic; if you wish to put your love for your spiritual friends to the severest test, try to lay down your life for others in all your daily actions. Think of them kindly; speak to them gently; treat them lovingly; perform your duty faithfully; act in every relation justly; obey the truth promptly; and in all the little and comparatively unimportant contracts of

life, lay down the life of self cheerfully. Do it for all, for husband and wife, for parent and child, for brother and sister, for servant and master, for buyer and seller, for acquaintance and stranger, for lover and friend. Do this, and your life must be more than angelic if you do not find self-denial a renunciation that will tax all your heroism and strength.

We sometimes meet with persons who are striving to die such a death, and to live such a life; and when we do, we meet with angels. It matters not in what outward garb they appear, how rich in this world's goods, or how poor, with how many or how few earthly friends. They may live in the remote alley; they may dress in worn and faded garments; their hands may be soiled and hard with labor; they may be uncultivated in manner; they may have little or nothing in the external to commend them to us, and yet they are angels. They are in the society of angels, and they are bound to them by indissoluble ties. Heaven is within them, though all without is poor and rude.

But this heavenly beauty and loveliness is exhibited in clearer and, if possible, in nobler forms in those who have had much to resign. "He loveth much to whom much is forgiven." There are those who have possessed a large amount of this world's goods, and who have enjoyed them highly. Their natural tastes have been highly cultivated, their habits have been formed by that culture, by those associations and instrumentalities which wealth or high social position alone can secure. They have a fine sense of the beautiful, and a keen relish for natural delights. They have been unused to hardship and daily toil, and their natural passions are vehement and strong. When you see such persons lay all these things down, if in the Divine Providence they are called to do it, meeting the rude contacts of life patiently, taking

up its burdens cheerfully, you see an exhibition of true nobleness, of heroic self-renunciation, that has no parallel in human life. They do really lay down their life, and the action of their language is, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Such natures do not become morose and misanthropic; they do not fret and complain. Their temper is sweet and their soul serene, and when called upon for some new sacrifice, they lay down their life freely and meekly upon the altar of that greater love for the greater friend.

This is what our Lord did for us. With the infirm humanity, He assumed all tendencies to evil possible to us, and by temptation-combats He overcame them and laid them down. "I lay down my life for the sheep." It was the laying down of this life that caused the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and the despairing cry upon Calvary. It was the test of His love for us, and the degree in which we lay down our life, is the measure of our love for Him, and our love for Him is the measure of the good we can receive from Him.

As the Lord laid down His life that He might take it again, so we are called to lay down our life that we may receive a higher and better. As the lower is put off, the higher descends; as selfish and worldly loves and hopes of earthly good fade away, the love of the Lord and the neighbor, and the ineffable blessedness of Heaven draw near, and become more real.

Brethren and friends, commence this work of renunciation, if you have not; carry it on with more vigor if you have begun it. Be patient, be humble, be faithful, be docile, be tender, and gentle, and pure, be thorough in your work. Be inflexible in your fealty to the truth, and persevere unto the end. Deny yourselves, take up your cross daily, and follow the Lord. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

Mothers' Department.

THOUGHTS.

SUGGESTED BY "VARA'S QUERIES."

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"VARA" is not alone in her difficulties. The first one, I think, presents itself to every mother of boys. I certainly would not attempt to give advice on this point, speaking at all as one having authority, for it is one of the hard places in my experience; but only would try to help another, if I may, by the thoughts that occur to me, and the means I am trying.

It seems to me that children, girls and boys alike, should have a regular weekly allowance. How much, of course, must depend on the parents' means and judgment; and sometimes on the tendencies of the child. Encourage them, too, to earn money as soon as they are able. There are various ways that suggest themselves, especially if you live in the country. It has always seemed to me unwise and unfair to demand children's ser-

vices as a right, and punish or reprove them if they manifest an unwilling spirit. Their playtime is their property, their own especial right, and very dear to them. We would not like to be called from our sewing-machines, in the middle of a seam, or from our pretty laces and muslins half-ironed, to wait on somebody; and we might not be very gracious about it. Their employments are of just as much importance and interest to them as ours to us. How often is a real self-denial exercised, in compliance with a parent's wish, and meets little or no appreciation. How often is a child ordered to run up-stairs for one thing and another, to go and tell Katy this, or Patrick that, to draw the baby's carriage, or take these letters to the post-office, and be quick about it. How seldom are remembered the little words, "please," and "thank you," that cost nothing, but profit much. At least, let us make our requests courteously, as we would of a neighbor, and thank our children pleasantly. And I think it is well to

make a small cash payment for many of their services. I do not mean, of course, every time a child carries a message to the cook, or picks up a ball of yarn, or hands mother her scissors—that would make them mean and niggardly enough—but for things that cost them effort and time.

It is an excellent plan to give a boy a garden-patch; and after having it ploughed and prepared for him, allow him to raise vegetables, and sell them. You can buy them yourself, or let him peddle them in the neighborhood, or at the provision-stores. Most boys count this "good fun." Then, in berry and nutting-time, the chances are plenty, and they enjoy both the work and the profits.

My eldest boy began gardening at four years old. That is, he planted a few kernels of corn in the flower-plot, and we did not know it till the tiny green blades came to light. We let them grow; they looked odd, to be sure, among the flowers, but far from unsightly; and the corn ripened just in time for a birthday present to grandma. The next year, Frank had a good-sized bed; and every year since, has raised vegetables for sale; peas, beans, corn, beets and so on; the ground was ploughed for him; but after the heavy work was done, the rest was left wholly to him. He selected his own seeds, planted, watered and hoed, and had the proceeds. The vegetables were mostly used on our own table; but he measured them fairly, and received the market price for them.

He had a present of some hens, took care of them himself, and sold eggs and chickens. He has never lost his relish for either this work or gardening; and now, at about fourteen, employs much of his time out of school in these ways, and his little brother learns from him.

Methods like these result in great good. Of course, the child's natural tastes and abilities determine just what means should be chosen. Gardening, for instance, keeps a boy, who likes it, happily and usefully employed; and is in the highest degree healthful. It tends directly to teach him the value of money. He can hardly help acquiring knowledge, and exercising thought and memory. It trains him in habits of industry, forecast, perseverance and economy.

It is a good opportunity to give instruction, easily and pleasantly, in book-keeping, in connection with any gardening or mechanical business in which he engages. It is well for him to make out regular bills, even when his parents are the purchasers.

Then, if to these good business habits, you can add charity and self-denial, you do much toward training him in Christian living and thinking. I do not believe that children should be urged to put their money into mission-boxes, for some far-off and doubtful good, that they cannot see or realize; nor to give all their money for any purpose, however good. No Christian man gives away all his business revenue; no woman all her income; nor would any be justified in doing so. But all our worldly wealth, our time and talents, may and should be consecrated. Everything should be turned to good uses, and held in the

spirit of Christian fidelity, truth and good-will. And this is the lesson we should aim to teach our children, by precept and example.

Christmas and birthday gifts are a great help in keeping alive a generous spirit. Hardly a child, brought up in a home of affection, and having the means at his disposal, will be reluctant to purchase little gifts at these seasons; and there are countless things that cost very little, that yet are pretty and useful; and when received as tokens of love, give as real pleasure as costly presents. There is no objection possible to giving our children money at these times, Christmas especially, for this very purpose; but this need not take the place of their own money; rather supplement it.

It is not usually difficult to awaken pity and sympathy in children, when a real need is brought before them. Kind people may differ about the objects of charity; but "the field is the world," and "The Children's Mission to the Destitute Children," for instance; the "Home for Little Wanderers," and the like, have the ring of peculiar fitness. Suppose, for once, you make this experiment. Take your boy to one of these or similar homes; let him personally see the children thus benefited; the various rooms and provision made for their comfort and instruction; explain to him how the money contributed is used, and why it is needed. Tell him stories of children that have been in these very homes, and been blessed and saved by their influences.

After he has had time to think it over, perhaps when you are yourself sending a contribution, or repairing a half-worn garment for one of them, ask him if he would like to give something to help these children. But never require it; do not even urge it, or seem disappointed if he refuses. Let him alone, he will think the more. We must wait and hope for the growth of the sweet flower of charity, as he waits for his corn and peas.

Another object that seems to me equally important is aiding to protect dumb animals; and in this direction it is very easy to lead a child of good disposition. I do not believe one lives, born in a happy home, and taught by word and example to treat animals kindly, who will wilfully abuse them. Children do hurt and tease even their pets, but almost always from thoughtlessness or want of instruction. They may easily be trained to be gentle themselves, to take thoughtful care of the animals around them, and also to take a personal interest in helping to protect these in general.

With regard to expenditures for themselves, it is well to let them, in some degree, learn by experience. It would not be wise or kind to refuse advice. Give them the benefit of your judgment; say not only, "That is not best," but explain the reason. Yet let there be no commands, beyond a prohibition of really hurtful purchases. Sensational books and papers, cigars, etc., of course, should not be allowed. But if a boy or girl is bent on an unwise purchase, it is sometimes the very best and kindest thing to let the experiment be tried—only never say, "I told you so!" When it fails, do not count the trouble small—it is not so to your children. Give ready sympathy and en-

couragement, though usually it is not wise to make up the loss; the next time, probably, your advice will be welcomed and heeded.

Judgment must be formed mainly by experience; and it is far better to begin while the outlay and probable loss are small, and there are home sympathy and help to turn to, than in after years, when, at best, the burdens will be heavy, and disappointment may prove disaster.

The timidity "Vara" mentions, is, of course, constitutional, and time and patience will best answer its needs. Anything like force is worse than useless.

You remember, perhaps, Mozart's dread of a trumpet, in childhood. His father attempted to overcome this, by having one played in his presence, regarding his fear only as a childish whim. But the boy instantly grew faint, and the trumpet had to be removed. Parents sometimes try to cure a fear of darkness by leaving a child alone in a room at night without a lamp. There is great danger, absolute cruelty and no profit in any such course. The terror is deepened, and the impression made lasting. Instances we have all heard of unprincipled servants frightening little children into idiocy, or convulsions and death. Even mothers have been known to do the terrible deed in ignorance, and blight their own lives with remorse. A mother once left her little child to cry itself to sleep—not that she was impatient or over-wearied; she was in easy circumstances, and kept more than one servant; but thinking it a point of discipline, forbade them to go up-stairs, and went out to walk. When she returned, not long after, her child slept "the sleep that knows no waking."

Any child, and especially a nervous, timid one, should be guarded with the greatest care from hearing books read or stories told of an exciting or painful nature. Ghost-stories, of course, should be strictly guarded against, and everything that tends to awaken fear. The parents' example of fearlessness will gradually influence the child. A gentle word, in the right season, a kind explanation of cause and effect, is helpful. But direct attack upon his fears, or expressed contempt for them, is only hurtful. And ridicule should never, in any circumstances, be employed between parent and child. It hurts most cruelly, lessens confidence, sours temper and does no good whatever.

Let us bear in mind, too, that oftentimes what we call physical timidity is more than counter-balanced by moral courage. Sometimes a sudden emergency brings out this moral power in a way that surprises us. Sometimes in physical crises, the hitherto timid child is aroused to a degree of physical courage and action all unlooked for; true, this is generally closely allied to moral courage, and occurs especially when the occasion is of such a nature as strongly to move the affections. How many instances have been known of delicate little girls, nerved by love of a mother, to deeds of daring and endurance!

Years and growth, gentle training and encouragement, will develop and strengthen courage in both forms.

A child's religious training depends most of all on the silent, unconscious influence of home—what the home is, and the life therein lived.

Direct "preaching" always disgusts children, and engenders hatred of everything in the way of religious instruction. But the example of an earnest, truthful, loving, reverent life is powerful for good; never forgotten, however slight impression it seems to make day by day. A fretful, desponding or impatient spirit will neutralize every effort at religious training. A genuine piety is always one with a true and earnest life; and it is this that tells on the character of the children. The selfish seeking for Heaven, the craven fear of God, that often passes for piety, is far, far removed from the Christ-like spirit that quietly and cheerfully does every day's duty as it comes, reaching out to humanity hands of brotherly helpfulness, and looking unto God in loving trust as a tender, all-wise father, leaving things present and to come in His care. A gentle word now and then, if borne out by the example of daily living, is a good seed sown, that, beneath the sunshine of a loving, cheerful spirit, will grow and fructify.

To the mother who is much with her children, times and seasons for direct teaching will readily suggest themselves. The passing incidents of daily life often furnish material for useful lessons; but this we must be careful not to overdo; too many words spoil it all. Much may be done by pleasant stories, ranging from Bible narratives to fairy tales. Any innocent story has its place, and subserves a good purpose. Children dearly love stories; even the old tales oft repeated do not lose their charm. There is a Providence in this universal thirst of childhood, and, if rightly stimulated, it will prove an efficient aid.

The Sunday-school I believe to be very important; and yet it cannot, as we are too apt to try to have it, supersede diligent home-instruction. We must act with and for the teacher, and manifest our interest in the Sunday lessons, if we would have these result in lasting good. When parents have succeeded in making Sunday a pleasant, welcome day to their children, while seeking to keep it holy in spirit, they have gained very much. Morning and evening prayer should never be omitted; it may be brief and simple—all the better for that—but if it is a sincere and grateful offering, it is never fruitless. And it seems to me that at least a verse of the Bible should be nightly read and explained to our children. These are the seeds that, if our daily life bears witness to their power, shall surely fructify some time, though it may be when the grass grows above our rest.

Home, to exert its holiest influence, must be not only pure but happy. Sunshine in both a literal and metaphorical sense, is as needful for children as for plants. A large liberty may be safely given where the pervading spirit of the household is reverence toward God and mutual love. Pleasures, not in themselves harmful, should be permitted—of course, within reasonable limits and in well-chosen company.

Let us make our homes beautiful and pleasant, so far as lies within our means. Far better to exercise self-denial in the way of dress and style,

if we must choose between these and pictures for our walls, books and music to cheer our winter evenings. Flowers, birds, home-pets, give pleasure indeed, but they do far more. They draw out the best feelings, and refine the tastes. And children need much association with one another. If bad company and bad books are strictly shunned; if obedience and truth are required; if the home is literally open to sunshine, and glad

in the light of love, there is little to fear. In good time the harvest shall ripen for the garnerers of Heaven.

"Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day."

The Home Circle.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY LICHEN.

No. 13.

FRIEND, whoever you are who read this page, I wonder if you look from your window this morning, as I do from mine, upon something beautiful or pleasing to the eye. In how many different places such windows are. Some, in the great city, look out only on crowded streets and little strips of blue sky; others upon the snow-crowned mountains and spreading plains of the mighty West, where the sky reaches far as the uninterrupted sight can range. Some over the quiet beauty of field and orchard, where the grain ripens for the reaper's scythe, and apples are growing rosy under the ardent glances of the summer sun; others where hill and dale, brook and meadow, present a varied picture to the eye. One looks over the broad, blue sea, where white sails gleam and foam-capped waves run high; while another opens upon a quiet river, whose surface is scarcely stirred by a ripple. The pine forests of the South throw their shadows over some. I know of one where I am almost sure a young, bright face is watching the long, gray festoons of moss swaying gracefully from the branches of the tall, solemn-looking trees, and the baby in her lap coos and crows, and reaches out his tiny hands toward the crimson flowers in the window-sill. Other that I know look out upon orange-trees and jessamine bowers, and faces that I love are often near them.

Then I wonder about faces that I have never seen. I imagine Hattie Bell sitting by her "east window," enjoying the morning breeze and the birds' song in the apple-tree opposite. Perhaps she is trying to read, but I know she cannot keep her eyes in-doors steadily with this glorious sunshine and summer beauty luring them away. And little Amy—what are the window-pictures she loves to gaze at as she opens her casement? Green hills and fruitful valleys? or the smooth streets and pretty houses, surrounded by flower-gardens, of a quiet town?

Different people will see such different things from the same window. One will look out on the city street and see bright faces, and the most attractive scenes that are passing, while another notices at first the most unsightly objects and disagreeable sounds. I know some would look from this window and see a rough road, and dirty

children playing in the dust near by; or a dilapidated house at a distance would offend their eyes; but I see only the green slopes of the hills opposite, with clouds leaning low to kiss the tree-tops on their summits; the ledges of gray rock on the mountain-side, peeping through thick summer foliage; a cottage embowered with shade and fruit trees, and cattle grazing quietly in the distance. I hear an oriole trilling a waltz in the lilac bush, and a mocking-bird's occasional burst of song from the grove near by; and the child crying in the next yard, and a little boy calling out, "Ah-hoo-ah-ha!" does not disturb me at all.

Do not think, my friend, that I selfishly turn away from pain, suffering or sorrow, when they are real tangible things, coming under my notice—especially if I can do anything for them by sympathy or actual help—because I love best to look only at the beautiful. But I believe that God made these things for us to enjoy, even when we have trouble, weariness and care, and that the weariness and care may be lightened by them sometimes; else He would not have lavished such beauty around us so much of the time. And when sorrows are not pressing upon us, or suffering absorbing our senses, I think it is well to cherish cheerful, pleasant thoughts as much as we can, and not well to gather up little vexations about things which are of no real consequence to us.

Do not think I am talking of what I do not understand, or that I have always been able to speak and feel thus. I used to hug sorrow to my heart, and even thought sometimes with the poet Rogers that there was

"Such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."

And the petty vexations of every day assumed for me a much greater importance than—I have found from the study of life and its greater trials—they really possess. Mrs. Browning says:

"We overstate the ills of life."

"Light human nature is too lightly tost,
And ruffled without cause, complaining on—
Restless with rest—until, being o'erthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet."

Now if any of the readers of "Chambers's Essays" see this, they may accuse me of "riding off" from my subject. I confess that I have wandered gradually away from the starting-point, and will try to find the way back to my first outlook, if possible. As a first step toward it, I must say

that I now think it is a great gift to be able to look at the brightest side of everything. The one who possesses it has treasure worth more than countless riches. I do not pretend to have it always, myself. I hold fast to it for awhile, and think I will keep it securely, but occasionally it gets out of sight, and is hard to find. My windows do not always open to the east. Did you ever think of the signification of eastern windows? Light comes to us from the east, and it was a star in the east which foretold the coming of the "Light of the world," and pointed out to the wise men the spot where He was to be found.

So, when we open the eastern windows of our souls, spiritual light will come in, and bless and brighten our lives; while if we keep them closed, our minds are in a state of darkness into which truth cannot enter, and our lives will be a miserable failure. Open the eastern windows, then. Let the sunshine of love and charity stream in, listen to the bird-songs of hope and trust, and breathe the fragrance of the many flowers of virtue which, with careful nurture, blossom in the garden of the heart.

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: I send you a little sermon by Fanny Fern, which I came across in my reading the other day. The text from which she preached is "Husbands, be cheerful at home," and I think it will do no harm, and may do some good, if it is preached over again. So, if you have no objection, let it find a new audience in the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE.

B—P—.

HUSBANDS, BE CHEERFUL AT HOME.

I dare say that your Bible may belong to an expurgated edition, but the above verse is in mine, though I cannot, at this minute, point to the exact chapter; but that's neither here nor there.

In every "Guide for Wives" I find "Cheerfulness" the first article set down in the creed; with no margin left for crying babies, or sleepless nights, or incompetent servants, or any of the small miseries which men waive off with their hands as "not worth minding, my dear!" So when the time comes for John's return from the shop or office, they begin the cheerful "dodge," just as they are bid by the single men and women who usually write these "Guides for Wives." They hurry to wash the children's faces, or to have them washed, and stagger about, though they may not have had a breath of fresh air for a week, to make things "cheerful" for John. John's dinner and dessert are all right. He accepts them and eats them. Then he lies down on the sofa to digest them, which he does silently—cow fashion. The children, one by one, are sent to bed. Now, does it occur to John that he might try his hand at a little "cheerfulness?" Not a bit. He asks his wife, coolly, if there's anything in the evening paper.

She is so tired of the house and its cares, which have cobwebbed her all over till she is half-smothered, soul and body, that this question seems the cruellest one that could be put in her nervous

condition. She ought to answer as he does, when she asks him what is in the morning paper, the while she is feeding Tommy—his Tommy as well as hers—"Read it, my dear; it is full of interest!"

Instead, she takes up the evening paper wearily; and though the tell-tale, exhausted tones of her voice, as she reads, are sufficiently suggestive of her inability for reading aloud, yet he graciously listens, well pleased, and goes to sleep just as she gets down to the advertisements, which is a good place!

Now that woman ought just then quietly to put on her bonnet and shawl, and run into the house of one of her neighbors, and stay till she has got a little "cheerfulness;" but the "Guide to Wives" insists that, instead, she must sit down and look at her John, so that no unlucky noise may disturb his slumber; and half the wives do it, too; and that's the way they make, and perpetuate, these very Johns.

The way men nurse up their frail bodies is curious to witness, in contrast with the little care they take of their wives. Now, it never occurs to most wives that being "tired" is an excuse for not doing anything that, half dead, they are drummed up to do. Now, there's just where I blame them. If they wait for their Johns to see it, or to say it, they may wait for the millennium. There's no need of a fight about it either. He wants to lie there and be read to. Well—let him lie there; but don't you read to him, or talk to him either, when you feel tired. If he is so stupid or indifferent as not to see that you can't begin another day of worry like that without a reprieve of some kind, bid him a pleasant good-evening, and go to some pleasant neighbor's, as he would do, if he felt like you, for the same reason—as he did do the evening before, without consulting your preference or tiredness.

Now this may sound vixenish, but it is simply justice; and it is time women learned that, as mothers of families, it is just as much their duty to consult their physical needs, as it is for the fathers of families to consult theirs, and more too, since the nervous organization of women is more delicate, and the pettiness of their household cares more exhaustive and wearing than a man's can possibly be; and this I will insist on, spite of every parson who ever said, "Let us have peace!" Peace, reverend sir, is of no sex. We like it, too; but too dear a price may be paid even for "peace."

Now I know there are instances, for I have seen them, in which the husband is the only cheerful element in the house—when his step, his countenance, like sunshine, irradiates and warms every nook and corner. But, ah! how rare is this! I know, too, that cheerfulness is greatly a thing of temperament; but I also know that it is just as much a man's duty to cultivate it by reading to his wife, and conversing with his wife, as it is hers to amuse and cheer him when the day's cares are over. And in this respect I must say that men, as a general thing, are disgustingly selfish—absorbing, but never giving out, accepting, but seldom returning. It is for women to assert their right

to fresh air, to relaxation, to relief from care, whenever the physical system breaks down, just as men always do; for the Johns seldom wake up to it till the coffin is ordered—and pocket-handkerchiefs are too late!

ONE MARK OF A GENTLEMAN.

THERE are many people who pass for very genteel folks in society who have not yet learned the very foundation principles of politeness. It is not in the drawing-room, in the society of his equals, that you can determine whether a man is a gentleman or not, but in the society of his inferiors and dependents. How does he deport himself among his workmen? Does he put on the airs of a petty tyrant where he dares to tyrannize? Does he speak haughtily to his boot-black, and find needless fault with those who serve him? If so, mark him down, girls, as no true gentleman; and I shall not blame you if you seriously mistrust the sincerity of any religion he may profess.

True religion softens the heart toward all around us, even the dumb creatures made subject to our will. True high-breeding is shown by a courtesy and kindness of manner toward inferiors and dependents. A gracefulness of demeanor here, tells far more of a person's true character than the most punctilious etiquette in "society."

It is at your peril, girls, that you accept a suitor who is not a "true gentleman." He may possess this noblest distinction and wear the roughest homespun. His hand may be toil-hardened, and his brow sunburnt, but if he is a true gentleman he is the peer of any prince.

The man who is coarse and careless in his behavior to his mother and sisters will never be a desirable life-companion. The one who is very exacting toward those he employs will make home-life a burden by his endless fault-finding. Weigh the character of the one who seeks your hand far more critically than you weigh the fortune. A happy life is more desirable than a gilded cage.

J. E.

A LETTER FROM "LIBBIE."

MR. EDITOR: Having been a constant reader of your magazine for a number of years, I want to let you know how thoroughly I enjoy and appreciate it. If I was an enthusiastic school-girl, I should say your magazine is perfectly splendid; but being a married woman, I will only say I prize it above all others, hoping at the same time that you are a modest man, not conceited, or so much praise from every one might turn your head.

I always turn the leaves eagerly until I come to "The Deacon's Household." Dear good Pipsey, how I love her for the many good things she has said to us through the pages of the HOME. I want to tell her through you how much good her "talks" in the February number did me. I have read them over, and thought of them more, I think, than of anything she has ever written before. I want to say to her I think, as regards

her "family affairs," she is correct, and not "brother Ruba."

The "Mothers' Department" comes to me freighted with loving, earnest words—words which I have pondered in my heart, and which have helped me through many a long, care-burdened day. Sometimes, as I begin the day's labor, and look forward to the endless round of tasks which my one pair of hands must accomplish, I almost shrink from them in despair; but with a prayer to "our Father" for strength and guidance, and the knowledge that my darlings are still spared to me, while so many mothers moan over "empty cradles," I strive to do well each duty as it comes.

And then dear little "Chatty" (I always think of her as little). It seems to me I am well acquainted with each of her girls. I understand all about their school life, for I don't have to look back so very far to remember mine. I did have to laugh, though, Chatty, when you gave us the "only correct way of mopping;" not that it isn't the correct way, but, Chatty dear, if I, with my two babies, were to go through with that long process of mopping every time my kitchen floor needs it, what would become of the knitting, and sewing, and mending, the dinners and suppers, the thousand-and-one duties of my household? Who would watch my little ones while I was breaking my back wringing out the mop some eighteen or twenty times?—for you say it is to be wiped dry three times with the mop. I try to be neat; I call myself a cleanly housekeeper, but I never could adopt your mopping system and have any time or strength left for other work. If I "took in mopping," now, Chatty, it might do. I detest mopping anyhow; and so, to obviate the necessity, my good husband painted my kitchen floor last week while I and my babies were making a visit "home."

Dear me, how long my letter has grown! I am afraid Mr. Arthur will consign it to the waste-basket, so I will end just here.

LIBBIE.

TO THE FRIEND

WHO GAVE ME A "PEN-AND-INK PORTRAIT" OF LITTLE LICHEN.

DEAR FRIEND: Your little sketch of Lichen was gladly read; and, if Mr. Arthur will permit me, I would like to thank you for it. It is ever a pleasure to me to know what I may of those in whom I become interested, and I welcome every glimpse of their life and character. Dear little Lichen! I do love her, and I can readily believe all you write of her. Her window-pictures are filled with a true spirit of Christianity, and I could but believe them pictures of her life and soul. It seems sad that one so gifted must pass her life in sorrow and suffering; yet I question, would the gifts have borne such rich fruit but for the suffering—but for the discipline it brings? The law of compensation ever holds good. The kind Father does not take one thing from us without thereby providing a way for the growth of another of richer worth; and when we are shut out from active life or work by sickness, we

should gather the treasures yet left close around us and make the most and best of them. One can hardly over-estimate the blessings of health and freedom from pain, but one can do much good and make much sunshine lacking them, and life is yet worth the living. It is easy to write these words, but memory tells me of many hard, sad hours when I could not take them into my heart and be brave, cheery and patient. I understand so well the "inexpressible pain and sadness," the "longing and yearning," little Lichen used to feel, standing out in the sheltered porch and noting "everything in nature springing into new life, while her own life seemed withered and dead." I have stood just so in our porch, and felt the great sobs choking in my throat. It was so hard to be idle when everything seemed calling me to work. It was not so often. I, too, learned to look beyond—to look higher—and I tried to learn aright the lessons He would have me know.

Poor, tired Lichens! May God ever comfort them with His own sweet comfort and peace, and make their recompense great in that happy spring-time when they shall be forever well.

Do you care to hear more about my little moss-garden made in April? The plants in it are growing very fast, and have given me many beautiful flowers. The wild geraniums are all in bloom now. The pure white of the one kind and the delicate pink of the other, together with the soft, green leaves, form a very pleasing contrast and fill our room with wild-wood beauty and fragrance. I wish Lichen had it that it might rest and cheer her as it does me. Ah, the world is full of beauty. Do you catch much of it, unknown friend of mine?

EARNEST.

ANSWERS TO VARA'S QUERIES.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: As I am one of the mothers and grandmothers who read the HOME, I will try to give you some of my experience, in answer to "Queries" in the May number. I am more than half way home, with five children. I started out to have them perfect in obedience. At twenty years of age, and with no experience with children, I found it up-hill work. I found this direction in "The Book," "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally."

My aunt said to me, one day: "When children are in mischief, find something they may do and call their attention to it, without saying, 'don't do that.' Prohibition begets desire," and I remembered, as I looked back, that the things forbidden were the first ones done when amusement was wanted.

My oldest was very nervous and afraid to be left alone in the dark. When put in bed, her father told her of God as a loving Father, always present with her, to take care of her, and kneeling by her bed, committed her to His care, and there was no more trouble from that cause.

With my fourth child, I made love the ruling principle. When I said to him, "Please do this for me?" and he showed reluctance, my remark, "If you do not love me, you need not," would

always conquer, which I have found so much easier and better than the old way fighting it out, whip in hand.

When seven years old, he had to go a quarter of a mile on a lonely road, after dark, to meet his sister, or she had to come alone. He was a frail, nervous boy, yet he never failed to do it cheerfully, but once, through some wicked boy's stories.

He is now twenty, and I am perfectly satisfied with this rule.

My youngest daughter was born with nervous heart disease, which made her very timid and dependent. When she was ten, we had a peculiar experience with burglars in our neighborhood; they went up the pillars of the piazza and through the rooms while the family were down to meals. She would not go from one room to another, alone, in the day-time. I turned the matter over in my thought, on going to *The Unfailing Source*, I found a remedy, full and complete, in the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm.

So far from finding (the right kind of) "talk upon religion" an injury to my "nervous, imaginative children," it has been my great help, coupled, of course, with the "daily walk" and firm faith in God and His promises. Here is a staff for parents to lean upon. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." Can we find a better teacher?

GRANDMA.

MR. ARTHUR: Will you please give me a little space in the "Home Circle." I want to ask some one of the friends who tell us so many good things how to fasten shells and seeds on what-nots and picture-frames, so that they will not come off. I have tried different ways; but, in a few days, the shells would drop off at the slightest touch.

Pipsey, that starch is splendid. I don't burn my hands straining starch now, thanks to you!

ANGIE.

HOME MANUFACTURE.

MY little girl has had dolls of many sorts and sizes, from the pretty, flaxen-curbed wax-doll of Christmas times, to the tiny china doll which would just fit a puny cradle. But of late she has busied herself in the manufacture of a square-built image made out of black carriage-cloth, which has given her the greatest amount of enjoyment. Miss Dinah serves in the capacity of nurse to her numerous family, and blooms out in a new dress almost every day.

"I wonder Hattie can like that ugly thing so well," I remarked, in some surprise, one day.

"Don't you know the reason?" said her older brother. "She made it herself."

I think children usually prize the toys they manufacture far more than any that are bought for them.

A set of doll's patterns, which can now be obtained at most toy-stores, will give a little girl who can sew more enjoyment than the finest French wardrobe for her dolly. Indeed, our Hattie could scarcely sew at all when a friend sent her a set of

these patterns from the city. Her first effort was a trailing skirt for her doll, which I showed her how to cut, but left her to sew it alone. She complained of the hem being difficult to manage, and on looking at it, I found she had laboriously gone around it, beginning at the left hand. She has improved greatly since that time, and now rejoices in beaded saques, waterproof wraps, polonaises and redengote for her favorite doll.

In no way will a little girl learn the art of sew-

ing and making so pleasantly as in skilled work of this kind for her doll.

One would almost think the care of dolls a provision of Providence for the culture of women. They are a time-honored institution. I remember seeing some curious wooden dolls, as flat as a shingle, in an Egyptian museum. They had seen service, and no doubt delighted the heart of some little Egyptian lady as much as wax-dolls do our children.

J. E. McC.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

NEDDY AND THE CHICKENS.

BY VARA.

NEDDY was visiting at grandpa's in the country in summer-time. Grandpa had a nice lot of chickens, and one particular brood had its home right beneath the window where Neddy slept. Every morning while mamma dressed him, he would stand on a footstool and look out to see the little yellow, brown and white biddies eat their breakfast.

Now Master Ned was only two years old then; but he had a grown-up Cousin Nellie, who was visiting at grandpa's, too, and she made a pet of Neddy and of one big white chicken that she named "Jim." Every day when dinner was done, Nellie would take some crumbs and go out to the door and call "Jim." And so she fed him every day, till Jim grew very saucy. He would follow Nellie about the yard, and fly up and pick her hand to remind her to feed him; and poor little Neddy could not eat a bit of bread or cake near the door but "Jim" would snatch it from him, leaving Ned crying from fear and anger.

One night mamma called her boy to go to bed. But Neddy said: "No, no—no go 'eep."

"Yes, my boy, the chickens have all gone to bed, and it is time for little boys."

"Go 'eep with the chickies. Ned go 'eep in the barrel!" meaning barrel, which was the chicks' bed-room. And all the time mamma was undressing him he kept crying and coaxing to "eep with the chicks."

He made such a fuss, that at last grandpa told mamma to wrap a shawl about him and he would take him out to the barrel, and see how he would like it when he came to get near the old hen and her brood.

So Ned had a shawl wrapped over his white night-dress, and grandpa took him up. Neddy laughed outright, and kissed us all round for good-night, and then went out doors, while we all ran to the bed-room window to watch. Grandpa pulled away the board in front of the barrel. "Cluck," said mother biddy. "Cluck," and then she added a little quieting talk to her children, as if she asked them to lie still for it wasn't morning. The saucy Jim ran out, however, to see what was going on. Neddy laughed rather faintly at seeing him; but when grandpa said, "Do you want to go in there now?" he said, "Yes." So grandpa

stooped down, and, putting Neddy's little yellow head close to the barrel, said: "Move along, old hen, and make room for Neddy."

The old hen started up with a loud "Cut-cut-caw." The chicks peeped out shrilly, and Neddy, turning, grasped grandpa tight about the neck, cried out: "No, no, go 'eep with mamma—not 'eep with the chickies!" emphasizing his words with kicks of his fat legs. And as the chicks all ran out, he called, "Go back, Jim—go *every one* chicky back to 'eep."

So grandpa brought Neddy in, and mamma put him in her bed, and we heard no more about "eeping with the chicks."

Well, the chicks grew and grew, till their mother hen thought she could leave them to care for themselves. But they still came to the old barrel to sleep nights, until they were so large they filled it quite full, and grandpa said it "wasn't healthy for so many to sleep in so small a place," and he tried to teach them to go to roost in the hen-house. But the old hens were cross to them, and the young ones some of them would come back to the old barrel. So grandpa took the barrel away, and told the chicks to "go sleep where they were a mind to—there were plenty of trees about for them to roost on."

But the very first night two or three of the smallest chicks flew up on the well-curb, thinking that must be a nice place—I presume because it was so near the house. When grandpa saw them about bed-time, he carried them, "squaking," off to the hen-house. He thought he took all of them. But the next morning, on looking down the well, there was a nice white chick, looking as though she was swimming on the water. Alive, too, for she turned up her little head as grandpa exclaimed, "Why, how came you there!" as much as to say, "Please get me out."

It was a dry season, and the water very low in the well, and on a stone that was close to the top of the water poor chicky-biddy had found a little place to cling to. She was a sensible biddy, too, for when grandpa lowered the bucket she hopped on its edge, and clung there while he drew it up by the windlass, and when at the top, Neddy's mamma took her off a wet, cold biddy. She walked about rather stiffly that day; but she soon was smart as ever.

In a week or two after, one morning there was a cry of, "Another chick down the well!"

Grandpa looked down. "That good-for-nothing, lazy Jim, I do believe."

But, no, it wasn't Jim, for, on hearing his name, "saucy Jim" came strutting round the corner expecting his breakfast. Grandpa lowered the bucket for this chick, but he was not so intelligent as the other biddy was, and flopped round and round the well, and acted so wild and frightened that grandpa said he would drown himself. So Neddy's papa came to the rescue, and getting a very long, long pole, he poked and pushed the poor chick into the bucket, almost falling into the well himself as he reached so far down. And that poor chick was rescued from a watery grave!

A LETTER FROM A QUILL.

BY MRS. B. C. RUDE.

MY DEARS: You have all heard of the Foolscaps, though they are of no *commercial note* whatever. You will generally see them in *quires*, though I never knew of a natural singer among them. They are an *odd set*, considered individually, but these very oddities are the making of the Foolscaps.

But, in order to keep up my own reputation for *pointedness*, I will try and get at the *pith* of my story by saying that Foolscap and I have formed a co-partnership for the purpose of furnishing stories for young people. I expect to do all the writing, and Foolscap is to *rule* the concern, and this makes it all *even* in the eyes of the world. He, Foolscap, knows full well, though, that he must always come to me with a *smooth* face or I'll *sputter*. I won't stand any of his *wrinkles*, and he knows it.

You'd think by the make-up of Foolscap that he was well calculated to do *double* duty, while I am put together in such a way that you would naturally expect me to do things by the *halves*. Appearances are often deceiving, and Foolscap is a *two-sided* creature, if there ever was one. He knows how to present his best side to the printer, but I am thoroughly acquainted with his *lazy streaks*, I assure you.

He says I am too *blunt* sometimes, and that I need a good *whittling* down, but he can't do that little job. I can hold him down every time, if he does make so much ado about his *ruling*. You never see me *tipped* with diamonds, though I feel a wonderful *nearness* to *fine feathers*.

Foolscap is a *square-cornered* chap, and he don't believe in *gilt edges* any more than I. He has a foolish fondness for going to the printer, but always wants to borrow my clothes—oh, he owns up that he is a perfect *blank* without me. Well, I always dress him up in my most *stylish* suit, and he slips on a long snuff-colored overcoat, and off he goes as proud as if he wasn't dressed in borrowed *plumage*, while I either lie on my back or stick up edgewise and rest till his return—for he always has returned so far. People say it would be greatly to my pecuniary advantage if the publishers would only take a fancy to Foolscap and *set him up* in the type department. I do wish they would, and, would you believe it? I felt, when I saw him coming back from his last trip, as though

I should *fly*, the silly, little, *wee bit* of a goose that I am, for, to tell the truth, we are neither of us "worth a red cent." Yes, we are worth *just* that, and nothing more. "A small capital," I hear you saying, "on which to set up in business." Well, I mean to go *write* on, and do the best I can. I know there have been Quills that have made quite a *flutter* among the children, and Foolscap says if I can succeed in doing it that he will see to it that the publishers *rattle* out the dimes.

Good-bye. If you want anything in our line just send a postal-card to Quill & Foolscap.

KINDERGARTEN CLOCK SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY G. DE B.

SEE, see,
How prettily

The swinging pendulum moves along,
And as it goes it sings a song:

Tick tack, tick tack,
Night-time goes and day comes back.

Too slow

The long hands go,
And as they creep the hours along,
The clock sings on its little song,
Tick tack, tick tack,
Day-time goes and night comes back.

Hear, hear,

How sweet and clear
The bell within the clock rings out,
"Little ones, grow strong and stout,"
Tick tack, tick tack,
Dark night goes and day comes back.

Eat, eat,

The clock says, sweet,
"Children eat, grow tall and strong,
Bathe and sleep, and sing a song,
Tick tack, tick tack,
Childhood goes and ne'er comes back."

LAMPS AND LANTERNS IN EASTERN CITIES.—Highly civilized nations are known as "enlightened." The term becomes almost literal when we notice the streets of their cities. Public lamps are the "useful luxury" of refined commonwealths only.

Dr. H. Bonar says, "As there are not street lamps in Jerusalem, one must have his lantern when needing to be in the streets after sunset, both because he would be laid hold of by the guard as a suspected person if found without a light, and because the rough, narrow streets really require it. Our Jerusalem waiter, Gabriel, considered it as regular a part of his duty to come for us with his lantern as to wait at table. On he marched before us, up one narrow street and down another, always holding the light as near the ground as possible, to indicate the ruts and stones, for it was our feet that alone seemed to need the light. We thus found a new meaning in the passage, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'"

Evenings with the Poets.

"OF LITTLE FAITH."

BY MRS. S. M. WALSH.

O YEARS that lie before
In dim uncertainty,
What do ye hold in store,
Of good or ill, for me?

What shadows on my way
Shall gather darker still?
What that I dread to-day
Shall future time fulfill?

Must what I love to hold
Drop from my fond caress?
Must lambs from out my fold
Stray in the wilderness?

Oh, dim to my sad eyes
The unknown way appears!
No prospects fair uprise
Adown the coming years!

Ay, while I wander here
Mine eyes shall holden be,
Though Heaven itself be near,
And God encircling me!

But when upon mine eyes
No longer dimmed by tears
Heaven's glittering domes uprise—
Then have I done with fears!

Then all the dreaded way
Shall shine with living light;
And thou, O sad To-day,
Be radiant to my sight!

Then, O my garnered years,
No more uncertainty!
Despite my faithless fears,
Ye held but good for me!

Christian Union.

CORA—A DAUGHTER.

BY ALICE CHADBOURNE.

BRIEF and pretty title;
Full of meaning, too,
Do you know, I wonder,
All it tells of you?

Like a perfect poem;
Like the song of bird;
So much pleasant music
In a single word!

Sweet to be a "daughter,"
In a sheltered home;
Needing not, nor caring,
Yet awhile to roam;

Cherished and enfolded
By the purest love,
God has sent to show us
What is Heaven above.

Gentle duties wait you
Every day and hour;
Graceful duties, making
Life a fragrant flower.

Yielding truest pleasure
For your tender thought,
Into loving service
Reverently wrought.

So I count you happy
In your girlhood free;
Make the present noble,
Let the future be.

If a deeper gladness,
If a wider life,
Should await your coming;
Or a sadder strife,

You will joy or suffer,
With a truer heart,
If, as faithful daughter,
You have borne your part.

Portland Transcript.

FIRST-BORN.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

SEVENTEEN years of shine and shadow,
Since the rosy light of morn
Made the sweet June roses redder,
In the hour that you were born—
Hour that brought to flesh and spirit
Such an ecstasy of pain—
Such a rapture of rejoicing,
As will never come again!

I remember how the tender
Rose of morning flushed the gray,
How the sun with sudden splendor
Changed the dawning into day;
How the dappled clouds went sailing
All across the summer sky,
How the robins trilled and twittered—
When I heard my baby cry!

Seventeen years! but I remember
Still the passionate delight
Of that radiant June morning,
After all the weary night.
Haply, born to woman-nature,
It may come to you to learn,
With your own child for a teacher,
Such a story in your turn.

If it ever does, my darling,
May the time be rosy June—
May the robins trill and twitter
Such another happy tune—
And the child that God shall give you,
All I ask is, it may be
Just the daily joy and comfort
That my first-born is to me!

Scribner's Magazine.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see—
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

Housekeepers' Department.

BABY MAUDE'S SWEET APPLES.

BY MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

I HAVE always been taught that it was not polite to answer a question addressed directly to another person, but I wonder if "Exie" will think me very unmannerly if I reply to her inquiry in the February number of the HOME? You see you don't ask anybody but Pipesey to answer you, Exie, but I think I'll tell you how I manage fruit stains of any kind, and if you do not consider the recipe orthodox, because it isn't from Pipesey, she being a regular member in good standing in the Baptist church, and knowing almost everything, why then, my dear, you have only to set it at nought, and wait until she answers your question herself, in her own inimitable way. She would, undoubtedly, make quite an interesting article out of it, but I can only give you the plain, unvarnished truth, and that in very few words.

For fruit or berry stains, then, of every kind, dip the spots immediately in sweet milk—new milk is best—and let them soak for a few minutes; then wash and rub between the hands until the stains disappear, or if they do not entirely vanish, boiling will usually complete their removal. Another way, which a lady told me, who knows almost as much as Pipsissaway, is to spread the garment out on the grass, where apple-trees are in blossom. She said the stains would surely disappear.

Tell Mrs. R. next time baby Maude eats a big, sweet apple (or anything else,) just to tie on her a thick gingham bib, and lift her up into her little high chair, out of harm's way, and those indelible, unenviable patterns will not be found as an after reminder or source of annoyance. Tell her, too, to take some of her sweet apples, wash them, cut out both the stem and blow end and other objectionable spots, put them into a porcelain-lined or preserving kettle, pour in a quart of water and a teacupful of sugar, and set them over the fire. Let them boil slowly until very soft. If more water should be needed, put in a little from time to time until they are all done. They are much better than baked apples ever thought of being; so juicy and sweet. They look so nice and tempting, too. When done, pour the remaining syrup, which should be rather thick, over them, and they are almost as good as preserves, and, I suppose, good, old, honest physicians would tell us, far more healthy as an article of diet.

While I "have the floor" on the sweet-apple question, I may as well tell another way I know of fixing them. Pare and halve them, and take out the cores, and prepare them as you would peaches or pears for canning, only spicing them with cinnamon and cloves, or flavoring with lemon. Then seal them up in the cans you have already emptied this winter, and you will thus be replenishing your stock of canned fruit, and, by

and by, when everything else of the kind is gone, you'll be glad you saved them in this way, especially if the appetites you have to provide for happen to be of the "saucy" kind.

I used large pound-sweets, but I presume other varieties are equally as good.

Oh, dear! I've tried to tell somebody something new, but just as likely as not they all knew it before. Well, if they did, I only hope they won't tell me of it, for "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and so I'd much rather remain in my blissful ignorance, and fancy I have been generously communicating new and important truths, and that all the housekeepers of the Home Circle will at once proceed to write them down in indelible characters in their best recipe-books, and label them "Sweet thoughts can never die," or something equally appropriate.

Perhaps if they never use them themselves, some one who is now a little girl may grow up, and in after years be glad she found such plain, practical things in grandma's old recipe-book.

A GOOD NAME AMONG DOMESTICS.

BY ELLEN.

IF any has reason to realize that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," it is the rich housekeeper who is always out of help, and who finds all the available girls in the community shy of engaging with her.

"You won't be contented there," one says to another. "I tried it awhile, but she is awful queer." That last term generally implies that her temper is such, a girl cannot abide long under her roof.

The aristocratic lady may toss her head at the idea of her social status with servants being a matter of any importance. She will find, to her sorrow often, that a good name in that low plane is a very desirable thing.

"I don't see why it is that a girl will go from our house, where we have every convenience, and pay the highest wages, and work for our neighbor, who gives much less a month and has no modern conveniences in her house. I think the reason is we do too much for servants. It spoils them."

So I heard a lady once complain, and could not help smiling at her solution of the strange problem. I thought of a remark made by a working-woman, when expostulated with for leaving such a "good situation."

"What are wages worth to you, if you ain't happy."

That was the difficulty, girls were not happy in that home of wealth. They were looked upon as soulless machines, out of which it was desirable to get as much work as possible, but no corresponding duties on the part of employers was ever recognized.

If you wish to keep house comfortably, have a good name in your vicinity among the working

classes. It will serve you better than money a thousand times. It is not obtained by a silly familiarity, which quickly calls forth disrespectful behavior, but by a true *friendliness*, which shows itself in words and deeds. We are quick to detect this spirit among our own associates, and those we employ are not less quick-sighted.

THE STOCKING-BAG.

BY J. E.

"I MUST take time this evening to mend up all these stockings, if I sit up till midnight. Not that we are out, but there are old arrears that I have let lie over until I could find time. Extra bad cases that require some especial surgery, Cousin Em. You know nothing of these cares and troubles. Why even such a small matter as stockings make me nervous. Leave a few pair over every week, and here the work-basket is overflowing. Then I tuck away a few of the worst into a drawer, I am so ashamed of seeing them around. Then, as likely as not, a few slip into another drawer, until it seems to me it is old stockings everywhere. You needn't look solemn over such shiftlessness. I assure you if you had six feet to keep covered, stockings would be a serious matter with you."

"I was only thinking, Libbie."

"Thinking up a substitute for them? Get out a patent for it, and your fortune is made."

"Oh, no, not quite that. I was only thinking of a very simple plan by which you could keep them from flowing over so into everything. Just make a nice stocking-bag. I will make you one in ten minutes, if you will give me a breadth of old calico."

The calico was produced and made up, and then Cousin Emma ransacked every nook and stacked up all the stockings she found in the rocking-chair. It was a longer process to assort them out and mate them properly, but this, too, was done.

"Now each pair is rolled up by itself, and I have put in your ball of darning-cotton and needles. When you get a minute or two of spare time, it will not seem like a great task to take out a pair and darn them. The rest will be out of your way until you are ready for them."

"It makes me feel comfortable already, Emma, and I am sure I can work at them with twice the courage. Thank you very much for the suggestion and prompt help in carrying it out."

There are many others who would find such an arrangement a great convenience and comfort.

Sandy Creek, New York.

EDITORS HOME MAGAZINE: Your magazine has become a necessity in my home and is a highly-prized treasure. It is truly a woman's magazine. It appeals to the heart of maiden, wife, mother and housekeeper.

I was especially interested in Mrs. Duffey's suggestions "How to make home pleasant." It seemed addressed to me, as it answered many of my thoughts how to beautify home with a moderate outlay.

I had been thinking how I might make a scrap-book of pictures for my little boy. An old agricultural book, with every fourth leaf removed, makes a very good book for reading matter, but I wanted a larger book for the pictures, and was delighted to learn Mrs. Duffey's way.

A room with an unpretending carpet and furniture can be made very attractive with tidies, mats, pictures and a few vines or flowers. I have a corner bracket made of common wood and stained and with a lambrequin (or, bracket-cover, as they call them around here,) made of scarlet rep with a bouquet worked in the centre and finished with a bead-fringe.

Last October, when our woods were ablaze with beauty, I gathered a large quantity of maple and dogwood leaves. I fastened with small tacks a large half wreath over the bronze clock on the mantle. The scarlet, mottled, bronze, golden and green leaves make a fine painting. Just above the clock is a bouquet of pressed ferns. I have a large bouquet of pansies pressed and framed in gilt, whose bright colors rival water colors. Such pictures would be pretty in *passé-partout* frames, which, by the way, was something new to me.

I think one's kitchen walls are generally too bare. A woman who does her own work, necessarily spends much of her time in the kitchen, and if there is something of beauty around it rests her, though many times unconsciously. As my little ones are in the kitchen much of the time when I am, I have tacked a variety of wood engravings and colored pictures on the wall, and there is not a day passes that they do not ask me questions concerning them. I should miss the pictures, too, were they not there.

A neighbor of mine has a room full of luxuriant plants. I was attracted by two scarlet crosses that glowed brightly among the leaves of the ivies that twined around them.

She made them as follows: First make a cross of wood; tie raisin stems or knotted cord firmly to the wood. Have equal parts of beeswax and rosin tinted with vermilion. While it is hot (melted, of course,) dip on the cross.

I am very much interested in Pipsey and Chatty. But I wish the former would not wear a calash any more, it is inconsistent with her polonaise.

MRS. DELIA ORVIS.

THE EARLY BREAKFAST.

BY M'C.

I WISH I could prevail upon every house-keeper who prepares breakfast herself, to take her own morning meal as early as she can prepare it. No matter what "the folks say." It will be a vast gain to her, and, no doubt, add years to her life. Any one who has tried it, knows with how much more zeal and energy she can go about her work, after a good nourishing meal, especially if it has been taken quietly. But the mother who wearies herself out with preparing food for the household, and then sits down exhausted to take her own, as she can snatch a moment of time in the intervals when she is not waiting upon the children, begins her day's round under very great

disadvantages. The system, too, is far more ready to any contagious disease when the stomach is empty. The chills and fevers of our western country are sure to creep into the system when thus exhausted. Persons who have practised eating breakfast almost immediately on rising, have entirely escaped this difficulty.

Make your preparations over night for this early breakfast. Rise a few minutes earlier, if needful, and as soon as your fire is lighted, and the breakfast for the others started, prepare your bit of steak and an egg, if you like, and sit down to eat

it with a good slice of bread and butter, while your kettle is boiling and your griddles heating. It will not be time lost, but hours saved in the increased vigor and comfort with which your day's duties will be performed. Then you can sit down to the family breakfast and pour coffee for the rest, and sip your own in comfort. The old-time nervousness will be gone, and you will be surprised to see how much more smoothly the wheels of the domestic machinery will move on.

Try the experiment a week, and if you do not like it, you can easily drop it.

Health Department.

INSULATED BEDS.

AN insulated bed is one set on some non-conductor of electricity, so the electricity cannot flow to and from it freely. Their usefulness is as yet a matter of experiment. Their value might be tested by invalids, at little expense, for an insulated bed can be made by placing the four feet on four strong glass tumbler. Dr. Wagenholz, of Columbus, Ohio, recently read an article on the subject before a medical society, detailing many cases of acute rheumatism which had been benefited by sleeping on an insulated bed—among others his own. We quote:

"On December 25th, 1871, I was attacked with rheumatism of the ankle and knee joints in one limb, then the other. I treated myself actively by alkalies, opiates, etc., in the ordinary manner recognized by the profession as of most value in this disease. I was unable to leave my bed for three months, could not walk until April, 1872, and did not fully recover until the warm weather in June. On the 16th day of December I was again assailed by my tormentor, treated myself as before, 'and I thought myself happy' that I was able to be out of my room in eight weeks, privileged to hobble around the streets of the city with the aid of a cane. Warm weather restored me to health, and during the summer and winter I attended to my professional duties. On February 16th, 1874, while I was congratulating myself that I should escape my annual attack, I was suddenly seized in the night-time with severe pains in both ankles. In the morning I failed, after an ardent effort, to leave my bed. Fever was intense, as also the swelling of ankle and knee joints. A sense of coldness of the lower extremities existed, which was even more distressing than the pain caused by the swelling of the joints. This condition continued until the morning of the 18th. From the 16th to the 18th I was unable to sleep. On the morning of the 18th I insulated my bed by causing the legs of the bedstead to be placed in four glass tumblers. I fell into a profound sleep, waking on the morning of the 19th bathed in a profuse warm perspiration, without the aid of diaphoretics or anodynes.

"I steadily improved, and in a few days was out of my room. On Monday, February 23d, I left

home for Cincinnati, where I remained a week, during all of which time I felt neither pain nor soreness in the joints. I returned to my home in six days, and found next morning the disease returned. I at once insulated my bed, and in six days was able to go to my office and engage in my professional duties."

This single case, remarks the *Herald of Health*, is of little consequence, but the doctor gives a large number of others corroborating it. How much is due to insulation, and how much to the expectation of a cure, we cannot tell. As the remedy is perfectly hygienic and easily tried, we hope further experiments will be made.

The closing part of Dr. Wagenholz's paper is suggestive, and we quote it:

"One of the patients makes mention of the sensation of drowsiness which came over him by the prolonged use of the insulated bed. This I have noticed in several cases, and distinctly observed it in my own. Now the question is, do the effects of this form of treatment, which, in comparison with our former modes, is simply marvelous, depend upon expectant attention? Is it another specimen of the wonderful power the mind has over the body, or does it depend upon changing the electric state of the body? It certainly deserves attention, as, in either case, the patient is benefited, and this is the end of all therapeutics. All our treatment is empirical, and, on the results of a truthfully recorded experience the success of our measures depend; but why go any further now?

"It is unnecessary for me at this time to elaborate. I have in my possession several communications from gentlemen of worth and eminence in the profession, who fully corroborate my experience in the particulars set forth; and I am confident that if this subject, which I deem important to the profession as well as to the community, is properly tried and thoroughly investigated, much information will be gained and large beneficial results will be accomplished. Notwithstanding the cautious manner in which our profession has advanced as a science within the last twenty years, there are in our ranks good men who are cautious and unwilling to assert or employ in the treatment of disease any remedies or agents that were not

used by their forefathers, who have long since fallen, some of them martyrs to their opinions, others to age, and many without ever having conceived the first principles of a profession whose complexity they had not the willingness to unravel.

"We live to learn; as we learn we advance in knowledge, our information and attainments expand, and thus our usefulness is made felt in communities in which we reside, and our vigor and energy is undaunted, by reason of the good results we obtain."

A WORD FOR CONVALESCENTS.

BY M. O. J.

NO doubt there is danger in giving too much or too strong nourishment to convalescents; but more frequently, perhaps, is the mistake made of giving less than the enfeebled system requires. This is especially the case with children. The disease is overcome, and the physician perhaps says, "Give gruel, toast-water," etc. The child is weak, nervous and thoroughly uncomfortable. Perhaps he tries to satisfy his craving with these things, but it is impossible; perhaps he turns away in utter dislike, or even aversion; but in either case he feels so badly that he "don't know what to do with himself," and soon the tired, worried mother thinks he is cross and peevish. Perhaps she bears with this patiently, and her weary feet go back and forth; she rocks him, sings to him, tells him stories, till after awhile, utterly tired out, she says to some friend who is by: "Well, I declare, I am discouraged trying to do anything with that child! I thought, when he was so sick, I would never complain again—never be impatient; but I do think this is downright perverseness. I don't believe I ought to humor him."

Sometimes, indeed, a child is severely reprovved, or "let alone;" and the sensitive little heart is sorely grieved. Perhaps a fit of crying ensues, and does more harm to brain, and nerve, and body, already unstrung, than the doctor's prescriptions can remedy in a week.

Suppose, instead of these weak and weakening messes, the little patient is allowed broth—mutton, chicken, beef or oyster broth. Of course, care must be used. Whatever is given must be well cooked, and free, wholly free, from *grease*. The quantity at first should be very small; perhaps, in cases of recovery from severe sickness, a teaspoonful might be the starting-point. But, in that case, give it often—say once in an hour. And by the way, till the patient can have his regular meals with the family, he should have food often; certainly once between breakfast and dinner. Cakes and sweet things generally should be let alone, unless in case of some peculiar craving.

A good way to make beef-tea is to take the upper part of the round (this is juicy), cut it in small pieces, put it in a stone jar with tight cover—a bottle will answer, but is more troublesome, and liable to get broken—set it in hard-boiling water, and when thoroughly cooked season with a little salt. Some prefer to soak the beef first

(after cutting) in cold water for half an hour, and then boil. In the other way you can put water with it, if you prefer, or condense the richness and nourishment. Much would depend on the taste of the patient. If there is no danger of a recurrence of fever, the broth may just as well be as strong as he wants it. It is well, soon, to take a little light bread or biscuit with it. Beef-tea, made in these and similar ways, is an invaluable tonic.

"THE TWO BREATHS."

SO far as pure air is concerned, some hints are given by Canon Kingsley which may be useful even to the poor, or to employers who care for their men. He describes what he calls "the two breaths," and their effects. The two are of course the breath taken in—which "is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid"—and the breath given out, which "is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid." He then points out that this carbonic acid gas, when warm, is lighter than the air, and ascends, and, when at the same temperature as common air, is heavier than that air, and descends, lying along the floor, "just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells or brewers' vats, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it." Hence, a word of admonition is addressed to those who think nothing of sleeping on the floor; and hence, as "the poor are too apt, in times of distress, to pawn their bedsteads and keep their beds," the friends of the poor are entreated never to let that happen, and to "keep the bedstead, whatever else may go, to save the sleeper from carbonic acid on the floor."

A HINT.

MULTITUDES of women lose health, and even life, every year, by busying themselves until warm and weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa without covering, or in a room without a fire, or by removing their outer garments after a long walk, and changing their dress while in a state of perspiration. If you have to walk and ride both, do the riding first, and, on returning, go to a warm room, and keep on all your wraps until your forehead is dry.

HOW TO SLEEP.

THE *Science of Health* says: "The very best method we have yet discovered is that of counting. Breathe deeply and slowly (without any straining effort), and with expiration count one, two, three, etc., up to a hundred. Some will be asleep before they can count fifty in this manner. Others will count ten, twenty or thirty, and then forget themselves and cease counting.

"In such cases always commence again at once. Very few persons can count a hundred and find themselves awake; but should this happen, repeat the dose until cured."

Floral Department.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY CHARITY L. MABBETT.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANNUALS—SOWING OF SEED.

THERE is no one point in gardening where the novice is so likely to fail as in the successful culture of choice annuals, especially such as are delicate and tender in their habit, and have small or imperfectly-developed seeds. Sometimes it may happen that seeds have lost their vitality, or never have had any; but in most cases, I am satisfied from experience and observation, that the fault lies in mismanagement.

Large seeds, as a general rule, give little trouble; common kinds give less, and that is doubtless the reason why they are common; but the tiny seeded fancy varieties are the kinds most likely to fail, and most likely to tempt one by their rare beauty as well as scarcity to brave the danger of disappointment in the uncertain hope of success.

This seems to me to be the mania of flower-growing; having myself for years tried various kinds of seeds, without the satisfaction of getting one above ground; or if, occasionally, one cheered the sight, it would disappear in much less time than it took to make its advent. Still, I cannot give up the interest in new flowers, and love the excitement consequent upon their growth and development.

It will not do, however, to depend on these untried desiderables; that is, to assign them places in designs or patterns, where their failure, by leaving a blank, would spoil the effect of the plan.

To insure success in germinating and after-treatment of small seeds, they should be planted in small pots or boxes. A saucer of red or unglazed earthen, if it will hold an inch and a half of earth in depth, will do nicely for this purpose. As these saucers have no drain, except the porosity of the material, it is a good plan to place a broken lamp chimney (an article most families can supply at short notice) in the centre, the smooth end resting on the saucer before putting in the earth. This may be filled with water, which, in leaking out, will dampen the earth from the bottom upward, without hardening it or displacing the seeds. You can also see in it, if water is standing at the bottom, making in a small way a wet subsoil.

The earth, for planting small seeds, should be fine. Small roots or fibers will not injure it, if kept at the bottom as directed hereafter. Sandy loam is best, but if not obtainable, mix with heavier soil, in equal parts, silver sand and old, well-rotted top soil from the woods. Let the earth in all cases be thoroughly baked in a stove-oven before using, in order to kill all eggs of insects, as well as all seeds or roots, that may be in it.

This precaution will enable you at once to determine whether you are nursing weeds or the expected plants as soon as vegetation makes its appearance. It may keep hope alive to nurse a pigweed, but it is vexatious in the end, especially if one has been liberal and supplied their friends with these little disappointments.

Pots that will hold a quart, if used for planting seeds, should be half-filled with charcoal, broken fine for the top, and then covered with the fibrous soil, or that which is unsifted; if small ones holding a gill or so are used, this will be unnecessary. Fill large pots within an inch or two of the top, smaller ones nearer full, yet leaving space for shading and watering.

The earth in contact with the seeds should be sifted. A tin strainer that will hold a pint, with a strong

handle, the bottom full of holes the size of a pin, or in appearance like perforated paper, will be found a very useful article in this kind of planting. The fibrous portions of the earth that will not go through the strainer should be used in the bottom of the pots. The sifted earth should be an inch or so in depth before planting, or sufficient to prevent the seeds from washing down between the coarser particles. Press the earth firmly around the sides of the pot with the smooth end of a stick or knife-handle; use the ball of the thumb to press the middle evenly; then scatter the seeds upon the surface, if very fine, quite close together, so that they may help each other to lift the soil in coming up.

Do not trust to chance to cover them the proper depth, but stick a few pins in the earth near them, leaving their heads just as far above the seeds as you wish to cover them, and then sift on earth until the pin-heads alone remain in sight; in this way you will be sure you have given them just what you intended.

Small seeds should have a very slight covering—just as little as possible to put them out of sight. Seeds as large as balsams will need a quarter of an inch. Flat seeds should be placed in the earth edgewise, as they will then have less weight of soil to lift in coming out of the ground.

The name of all seeds should be marked, so that there can be no mistaking their places. It will not do to omit labelling the kinds with which you are familiar, trusting to recognize them as they grow, because if they happen to decide not to grow at all, you will not know the name of the delinquent in time to remedy the difficulty.

The common method of marking is to write the name with a pencil on small strips of wood, and inserting these slips in the pots or in the ground near the seeds planted. If this method is adopted the labels should be painted white, and the pencil of good quality. Such labels can be procured at any seed store, or sent by mail any distance, cheaply. If homemade, unpainted ones are used, they should be wet with the mouth before writing on them.

The objections to this method of marking are—the pencilmarks have a fashion of disappearing when you want them most; the sweep of a dress-skirt, a cat or a dog, will knock them over, and displace the seeds or cover them out of the reach of germination; some visitor, with more curiosity than good breeding, will catch up the label, and, after reading it, thrust it back, the chances are, in the wrong place, and you may be thankful if not exactly where your choice, perhaps only seed is planted; they are also in the way where there is a necessity for covering the earth to facilitate germination.

Sometimes it happens that a lady does not wish to have the name of a plant known until she chooses, which is another reason why the above method is objectionable; for instance, a certain variety of seeds may be procured for a special purpose, to make a circle, a border, or some other definite object. The plants grow finely; no more, however, than is needed to carry out the plan, and leave a few, perhaps, for after failures; when some friend (and it may chance one to whom she is under obligations) reads the label, and at once claims a part, qualifying it by, "You have so many," there is no alternative, divide or add another name to the list of stingy people, so common in gardening time.

I have escaped these annoyances in a good degree by adopting the following method. After the pots are ready for the seeds, I place small stones or pebbles

close to the sides of the pot, and register them in the garden tally-book for the year, after this manner:

- 1 small stone Portulaca,
- 2 " " Petunia,
- 3 " " Minulus,

and so on, up to ten or more, varying the kinds, if numbers are likely to interfere with the plants; for instance, one *white* stone, one *round* stone, one *flat*, etc., and in some cases have beaded the top quite around, which serves the double purpose of a tally mark, and keeping the earth in close contact with the sides of the pot.

After the pots are finished as above, set them in tepid water, to within an inch of the top of the earth, and let them remain until dampened through; then cover carefully with pieces of old black silk, laid on lightly, and they are ready for placing where you design to sprout them.

This place is, in most cases, only a choice of the best at hand; that is, with small and "make-do" gardeners, who have neither green-house, hot-bed or cold frame at their command. Light not being essential until the plants are out of the ground, I have been very successful in piling pots on one another, with little square bits of boards between them, and placing them back of the stove until the seeds germinated. With different kinds of seeds, rarely more than one variety at a time will show signs of growth by lifting the soil. When

this occurs, place the pot on the top, and leave uncovered until the plants are out of the ground, then remove to the light, as directed hereafter, giving its place to the next one making its appearance.

These directions impose care and labor, but, if properly done, will insure success.

Earth containing small seeds, should never be wetted with a garden watering-pot, no matter how fine the holes in the nose, for the water will drop in large globules, occasionally, and either wash the seeds out of the ground, or into it so deeply that germination is out of the question. If the supply of water from immersions of pots, as before mentioned, should not keep the surface under the silk in good condition, give water from a wet brush, drawn lightly over the finger ends. A little practice on unplanted soil, will enable the performer to operate in a skillful manner, so that the earth will appear as if wetted with a gentle dew. As soon as the plants begin to appear, remove the silk, and keep the pot out of direct and long-continued rays of the sun, until the first leaves or cotyledons are standing upright and have cast off the seed covering, giving water with the brush, and at no time letting the earth become dry, until they are well established.

After plants are fairly out of the ground, if they are not left to get *too dry*, they will bear and need the sun except for a few hours in the middle of the day.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THERE is no more serviceable material for summer wear, for either church, home or travel, than pongee. It is especially attractive for a bridal travelling dress in midsummer, and is quite handsome enough to be worn during the ceremony, when there are to be no wedding festivities.

Speaking of wedding festivities, reminds us that the recent marriage of Miss Greeley was made remarkable by the absence of all ostentation and vulgar display—forming an exceedingly agreeable contrast to the numerous weddings in "high life" which have preceded it during the last year or two. None of the bridal party wore any jewels whatever. No bridal presents were on exhibition. "Everything," says an eye-witness, "was in good taste, elegant, simple and befitting." It is to be hoped that the exceedingly sensible fashion Miss Greeley—now Mrs. Colonel Smith—has set, may be followed, as more consistent with republican ideas of simplicity, than the vulgar shows into which mere wealth is able to transform the occasion of a wedding.

Advices from Paris tell us that the styles of parasols for the present season are especially noticeable for diversity. The plain, medium-sized sun-umbrella comes into favor again for the promenade. Silk, pongee and linen are the materials of which they are made, while the colors are black, green, brown, smoke, a dark shade of blue, plum, cream and gray. The darker ones are often made of a twilled silk of which the two sides present different colors. Thus an outer surface of black will possess an inner surface of blue, rose, green, maroon, purple or lavender. When a de-

cided shade in the parasol is selected, it must be of a tint which will either harmonize or contrast with that of the costume which is to be worn when the parasol is carried.

These promenade parasols or sun-umbrellas are usually finished on the edge with a plain hem, or with small scallops bound with a narrow fold of the silk. The handles may be perfectly plain or handsomely carved. One of the latest styles is to have the tip-point and six or eight inches of the handle smoothly encased in silver, which is either left plain and brightly burnished, or delicately engraved with small figures. Steel is also used in the place of silver. The latest novelty in handles is a little mirror of cut glass, varying in size from one to three inches in length, set in the handle in some quaint design. In one of these latter a lion or tiger holds one end of the glass in his mouth, while his claws are braced firmly at the other end, as though trying to tear it to pieces.

The parasol for carriage use is medium-sized, and often finished most elaborately, with embroideries of silk, jet, pearls, glittering spangles of silver, coral, plain or burnished steel. Or they are trimmed with ruffles and puffings and shirrings of silk, or with laces, fringes, feathers, ribbons, insertions, etc. Some are embroidered entirely in white. Some are finished with scallops, while others have a deep fringe depending from the scallops. The handles and tips are frequently of ivory, shell or coral, and most handsomely carved.

All sorts of little capes, talmas and fichus, of white muslins, black grenadines, black silks and cashmeres, either matching or not matching the costume in color and material, will be fashionable this summer.

New Publications.

The Mills of the Gods. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Twells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Among the many novels that are laid upon our table, we find few as entertaining and readable as this. The scene of the story is laid for the most part in France and Italy; and the description of Paris during the terrible days

of the siege, is most graphically given. The characters of the story are well drawn, and the plot well conceived and well carried out.

Our First Hundred Years. By C. Edwards Lester. New York: United States Publishing Company. This is one of the many books which our ap-

proaching Centennial is calling out. Though by its title it seems as if devoted to the history of our country since it became an independent nation, it in reality goes back farther than this, and begins at the very discovery of America. The work, which comprises two volumes, divides the history of our country into four great periods: the first beginning in 1492 and extending to 1776, including the discovery and colonization of the country; the second, from 1776 to 1815, its consolidation and statesmanship; the third, from 1815 to 1848, its development and work; and the fourth, from 1848 down to the present time, its achievement and wealth. The author has made use of the highest standard authorities in the preparation of this comprehensive work; the facts are collected in succinct and convenient shape; and the style, though perhaps a little marred by a display of fine-sounding words and rhetorical flourishes, is pleasing in the main. The first volume is now ready for the public, and as a popular history of our country has, we think, all things considered, no superior.

Personal Reminiscences. By Cornelia Knight and Thomas Raikes. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is the seventh volume of the extremely popular Bric-a-Brac Series. No volume of the series has, perhaps, possessed more interest than this one. The two persons whose reminiscences are given, lived in a period not so far remote but that the people of that generation are still objects of interest and curiosity to us. Miss Knight was lady-

in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, and afterward to the Princess Charlotte; and this attachment to the persons of royalty brought her into direct contact with all the celebrities of the time. Mr. Raikes was also a gentleman of extended acquaintance, and of extended travel as well. Together they carry us back for more than half a century, and their gossip about people and events is exceedingly entertaining.

The Adventures of the Chevalier de la Salle and his Companions. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This book belongs to the series of "American Patriots and Pioneers," which has already been received by the public with so much favor. Robert de la Salle was an extensive and fearless explorer of the wilderness of America two hundred years ago. He navigated the lakes and rivers of the North and West in the birch canoe. He travelled through prairie and forest, where never before a white man had set foot, his only guides being the savages, whose friendliness he had the faculty of winning. His adventures are among the most interesting episodes of American history, and this book, which narrates them, will be a popular one.

The Brook, and the Tide Turning. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This book contains two stories both of which illustrate in a forcible manner the evils of intemperance. Such books should be widely read, especially by the young, in order to encourage a healthy sentiment in favor of total abstinence. For sale by J. C. Garragues & Co.

Editor's Department.

Lago Maggiore.

NESTLED at the foot of the Rhetian Alps, bounded by the provinces of Piedmont, Lombardy and the formerly Swiss canton of Tessin, or Tessine, as it is now called, the Lago Maggiore spreads itself, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in Europe. It stretches from the north-northeast to the south-southwest, and is exceedingly long and narrow, being more properly an expansion of the river Tessine than a lake, since that river flows into its northern extremity, and resumes its course at the southern outlet of the lake.

Lake Maggiore has not the grandeur and magnificence of Lake Como; but its quiet beauty will win as great admiration. The scenery of its upper end is bold and mountainous, while the distant Rhetian Alps form a magnificent background. The Valley of the Tessine is one of the most picturesque in Italy. Descending the lake, the character of the landscape becomes more quiet, until the plains of Lombardy are reached.

The shores of the lake are fringed with trees, while here and there a bold crag juts out into the water. Castles and churches, villas and villages, stud its shores, and the whole lake presents a panorama of varied beauty.

The Borromean Islands on the western shores of the lake are objects of especial interest to the traveller. Previous to the seventeenth century, they were scarcely more than barren rocks. But Count Vitaliano Borromeo, a descendant of St. Charles Borromeo, resolved to make his residence upon them. He brought earth and filled them up, planted trees, and made a sort of artificial paradise, which for a long time, until a better taste began to prevail, provoked almost universal admiration. Pope's lines aptly describe these islands as they appeared after their transformation:

"On every side you look, behold the wall!

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees!"

The lake is deep, and its waters are of a slightly greenish tinge. It is navigable for the largest craft, and steamboats pass to and fro upon it. The Simplon road passes along its western bank.

Weighted Black Silks.

LADIES are often surprised at the rapidity with which an apparently heavy silk will go to pieces. The *Galaxy* says that in some cases an explanation can be found in the fact that the material is "weighted," and thus describes the process:

"Weighting, according to Persoz, began with the modest aim of making up the loss occasioned by ungumming, but it is now carried so far as sometimes to increase the weight of the silk as much as three times, the bulk being also increased proportionately. The weight is added by treatment with salts of iron and astringents, salts of tin and cyanide, and the result is an entire change in the chemical and physical properties of the silk. What is sold as silk is in fact an agglomeration of foreign matters, without cohesion, and held together by a small quantity of silk, which, however, has suffered materially in strength and elasticity. Instead of being, as in the natural state, one of the most permanent organic bodies and sparingly combustible, it burns like tinder. When burning it hardly gives off the odor characteristic of animal matter, but it leaves an ash amounting to eight per cent, or more and rich in iron. The materials employed in this adulteration are sometimes of such a nature as to absorb gases with evolution of heat, and 'spontaneous' combustion is said to have taken place from this cause."

About Grammar.

WE don't know what the "schoolmaster" will say to the following remarks of Richard Grant White in a recent number of the *Galaxy*. Some of us who do not know a rule of grammar and cannot parse a sentence, will naturally incline to his side of the question:

"I heartily wish that so many of my correspondents were not so anxious on the subject of their grammar; so disturbed because sentences won't 'parse'; so solicitous to find a 'rule' to justify every form of speech that they may use. They remind me of Sampson in 'Romeo and Juliet,' who would not bite his thumb at the dogs of the house of Montague unless the law were on his side. Now it is very well to have the law on your side in a quarrel; and so in the disputes about language that seem to be going on all over the country, with a pertinacity and a bitterness which are to me quite incomprehensible, it may be very desirable to find a 'rule' in Lindley Murray's quiver to launch at the head of an obstinate opponent. It may 'settle' him although it does not settle the question. But the very worst use to which language can be put is to make it the subject of dispute. Language is of no value except for the clear and forcible expression of ideas worthy of expression; and for the attainment of that end the study of rules of grammar is the poorest of all means. Foreign languages must generally be learned by a study of their grammar and an observance of rules, which are merely formulations of usage; but even they are better acquired by intercourse with the people to whom they belong, and by reading their best writers. A real mastery of them can be attained only by those means. No one is master of a language without being able to think in it. A person who is obliged to translate his thoughts from one idiom to another will inevitably be a bungler in the language into which he translates. But although the study of grammar is necessary in the acquirement of a foreign language, and is the only means of becoming acquainted with the construction of the sentence in those languages that are called 'dead,' toward the mastery of one's mother tongue it gives no help whatever. It is safe to say that of the best known writers of the English language who wrote before the last thirty years, not one in a hundred had received any instruction whatever in English grammar. This fact is one which may well be laid to heart by the flocks of people who are in such a perpetual twitter about their grammar. The best English that I have ever read or heard came from men and from women who cared as little, and not improbably knew as little, about English grammar, so-called, as they did about the Rosicrucian mysteries. Those who from childhood read the best authors and talk with the most cultivated people will speak good English—if they have the capacity of speaking it; and if they have not that capacity, they cannot do it if they sit upon a pyramid of grammars. And as to rules, they are passing away as a means of teaching 'the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly.' Those that were formerly held to be absolute have been found in many cases unsound, illogical, absurd and in all cases quite useless as the means of instruction. With them parsing will disappear. I do not hesitate to say that before another generation of teachers takes the field, parsing will have been dropped from the course of study forever."

Study to be Happy.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "We are all conscious of certain depressing influences which come to us in certain surroundings, and which we find it very hard to shake off. Often the cause is too subtle to be well understood, though the effect is so plain.

"Often walking down a particular street will sadden our spirits, though there is nothing unpleasant in its appearance. An unpleasant train of thought once occupied our mind as we walked along, and by some law of association became linked with every object. So the very trees and houses call back the feeling even long after the first cause has faded from our memory.

"It is worth our while to go out of our way to avoid these impressions where we can. An additional walk of a block or two is a trifle compared with the mischief these 'low spirits' work for us.

"It is all very well to say you will not humor yourself in such nonsense. You will yet learn to humor yourself in more difficult matters than this, if you

desire to live comfortably with yourself. Study to be happy is a very good direction. You will live longer and more healthfully for it; you will be able to double your working power, and be far more useful and acceptable in the world.

"Avoid as far as you can whatever you find to be especially depressing to your mind. Where it cannot be avoided, take with you a double stock of the happiest thoughts you can call up as an antidote. Fight hard against a tendency to low spirits, and though you may not wholly conquer, you will yet be a great gainer. Run out and call on a cheerful neighbor for a half hour, and you will find that it does good like a medicine to both mind and body."

A Century After.

WE have received from Allen, Lane & Scott and J. W. Lauderbach, publishers of this city, the first part of a superbly illustrated work bearing the title "*A Century After: Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania*." It is in the style of Appleton's "*Picturesque America*," and will equal that work in the elegance of its illustrations and the beauty of its typography. No American city has ever been represented, pictorially, in so lavish and rich a manner as will be Philadelphia when this publication is completed. The first number has a view of Philadelphia from the State-House Steeple; views in Independence Hall; the State House in winter; Old Sweden's Church; Christ Church, and views at Fairmount—all drawn and engraved in the most artistic manner.

The literary part of this work is in the hands of Mr. Edward Strahan. The engravings are by Lauderbach, from designs by Thomas Moran, F. O. C. Darley, J. W. Woodward, Jas. Hamilton, F. B. Schell, E. B. Bensei, W. L. Sheppard and other eminent artists. It will be completed in fifteen parts, to be issued semi-monthly, and will be sold only by subscription. The publication office is at 233 South Fifth Street. We predict for this elegant work a very large sale.

Moderation.

"LIFE," says Professor Swing, "should be a long discrimination, rather than a long creation or destruction of ideas. As in the natural world, man is not expected to create a new fruit or a new grain, but only to take the wild orange and make it grow sweet, or the wild olive and persuade it away from its bitterness—as he is to take the wild crab-apple and entice from it the great New York orchards of large, solid fruit—so in the world spiritual, man is not to be a creator or a destroyer, but a worker of changes, a master of development and modification. Solomon declared a time to exist for everything—a time to dance and a time to refrain from such merriment, a time to laugh, and he leaves us to infer that the chief task is to learn when these appropriate times come. But come they do. Thus life is a prolonged act of selection, and the extremist, who goes along denouncing all pleasure, or who ridicules all solemnity, is at war with God's plan of human conduct. He that is only a student, and loves only the midnight oil, is as much a fanatic as the dervish who howls in the desert and calls his career 'a higher life.'"

Education of Children.

LADIES, some of them of the first rank abroad, have been so far from thinking it any abasement to charge themselves with the instruction of their own children, that, to their immortal honor, they have made it a part of their business to assist in that of other people's. These examples should prevail with the ladies of our age, to employ some of their vacant hours and efforts, if not on others, at least on their own offspring.

Publishers' Department.

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NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

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